Américas

PROLOGUE TO THE TENTH CONFERENCE

of American nations

KEY TO CARACAS

THE WHITMAN MYTH

in Latin America

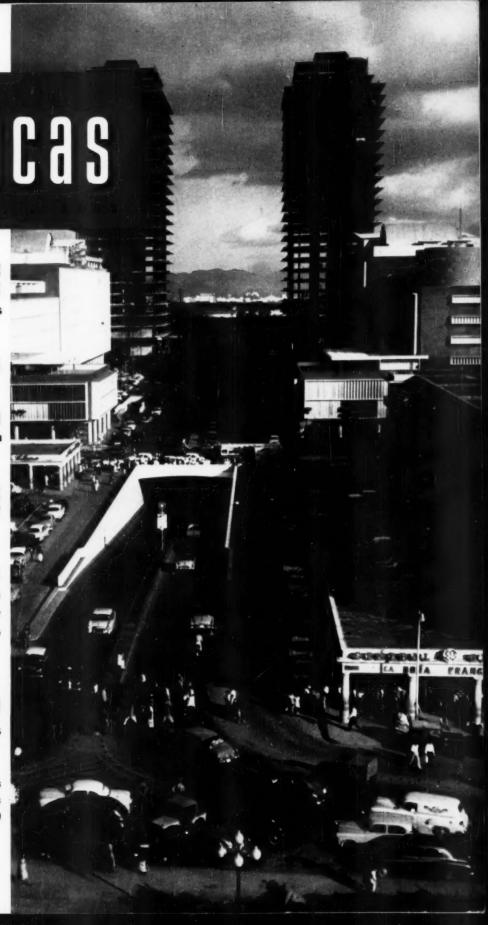
LEARNING FOR THE FUN OF IT

THE HOUSE OF THE MELANCHOLY ANGEL

> Short story by Érico Veríssimo

> > 25 cents

A new Caracas awaits the delegates (see page 6)





Américas

Volume 6, Number 2 February 1954

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

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Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A. Alberto Lleras, Secretary General William Manger, Assistant Secretary General

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Courtesy El Fatol, Caracas

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Subscription rate of Americas: \$3.00 a year, \$5.00 for two years, \$7.00 for three years, for the English, Spanish, and Portuguese editions in the United States and Canada. Add \$1.00 extra for postage to countries outside the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain. Single copies 25¢. Address orders to Publications and Distribution Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C. For information on microfilms of Americas, address University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Dear Reader

The delegates to the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas are bound to indulge more than once in the pleasure of measuring the changes that have occurred in the American world since the days of the First International American Conference in Washington, which is recalled in the nostalgic sketch on page 20 of this issue. Among the most important of those changes is the radical transformation of the relations among states resulting from the creation of international organizations, whose development was so strongly influenced by that first meeting of sovereign states sixty-four years ago.

That first inter-American parliament differed from earlier European conferences in its aims. It was not an alliance against someone; it was not a game of balance of power. It represented simply the desire for international cooperation for mutual benefit. But in form, the Washington meeting that began in the fall of 1889 and ended in the spring of 1890 must have been more like the Congress of Vienna than like any of the meetings of our time-above all in tempo. It is true that such complex matters as arbitration, monetary union, customs procedure, an inter-American bank, and the right of conquest were discussed there for the first time on an inter-American level. Even so, deliberations extending over more than six months strike us today as unbearable. But how could it have been otherwise? Messages to the governments requesting instructions traveled lazily by mail packet, and in many countries, when they reached the port, it was only to begin a laborious ascent to the summits of power. Compared with the speed of the San Francisco Conference, which dealt with nothing less than the organization of the postwar world, or the concentrated action of the Bogotá meeting, despite the tremendous complications of a domestic uprising that ravaged the very seat of the Conference, the outstanding characteristic of the first big inter-American gathering, although it took place in the vibrant land that was already surprising the world with its youthful energy, was its nineteenthcentury slowness. Slowness and formality, in verbal display as well as in ideas. Speed and informality in both are the marks of our time. The countries have lost their fear of international congresses, so they now act more freely and spontaneously.

In the old days the world heard anecdotes about how. by a clever trick, Metternich won a victory that changed the face of the world, or about how old Disraeli, though stifled by asthma, smoked and drank all night long with Bismarck until he disarmed and subdued him. On their own scale, the American diplomats wanted to do the same sort of thing. They were distrustful, astute, sonorous in speechmaking but silent when it came to acquiring international obligations. Generally, they belonged to the landholding aristocracy educated in European style, Washington must have seemed to them a dull village. One suspects that they never imagined what they were creating, and that somewhat reluctantly, when the thrushes that had flown south in October began to return, they decided to leave some tangible evidence of their good will-certain agreements and a bureau that, in the course of the years, was to become the Pan American Union. But they were also laving the foundations of international organization, of the League of Nations and the United Nations. They did not believe that such was their work. On the contrary, they must have informed their chancelleries gleefully that they had not committed themselves to anything. But they had made one very important commitment; to meet again. The OAS was born of that

decision.

Muttley

pposite: Drawing by Cundo Bermúdez, noted contemporary Cuban artist

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

Industry

The first shipment of iron ore from Cerro Bolivar, Venezuela, U. S. Steel's fabulous ore mountain, left the wharf at Puerto Ordaz on January 9 for the blast furnaces of the Fairless works near Trenton, New Jersey. The Swedish ship Toska carried 10,400 tons of ore down the Orinoco River and over the two-thousand-mile, sevenday route. Output from the mine this year is expected to reach two million tons, soaring to five million within a few years and eventually to a possible ten million. As many as 7,100 workers were employed during construction of the mining, railway, port, and channel facilities, and the mining company will employ 1,500 on a permanent basis.

On Christmas Eve, the Export-Import Bank announced approval of an \$8,600,000 credit to the Brazilian Development Bank for the purchase of freight cars, automatic couplings, and air brakes to improve railway service between Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo and Santos.

At the President's request, the Chilean Senate in December examined the situation created by the suspension of negotiations with the United States for the sale of present and future stocks of copper. The Senate authorized the Government to sell present stocks at thirty cents a pound and agreed to revise the tax system and exchange rates affecting the U. S. copper companies in Chile. Copper produced in the future can be sold at prevailing world market prices. The Senate recommended that copper not be sold to countries behind the Iron Curtain.

The new Brazilian company "Macfab, S. A." will manufacture tractors of the French "Continental" model under license from Richard Frères of Lyon. The plant will be built in Curitiba, Paraná, and will also produce agricultural equipment, trucks, and other machinery. It is estimated that Brazil could easily absorb four hundred thousand tractors over the next ten years. The company will have an initial capitalization equivalent to 1.1 million dollars.

The Venezuelan Government is enlarging Maracaibo's port works to take care of the increase in shipping expected when dredging operations to deepen and widen the channel between Lake Maracaibo and the Caribbean are completed.

Foreign Capital Investment

Regulations under the law on investment of foreign capital were established in an Argentine decree of October 16. They provide that foreign capital may enter Argentina in the form of foreign exchange, machinery, or merchandise. After two years from the time of investment the investors may withdraw annual profits up to the equivalent of 8 per cent of the registered capital. The capital investment may be withdrawn after ten years in annual quotas varying between 10 and 20 per cent of

the total, according to the terms under which the investment was authorized.

A Chilean decree of November 10 provides that foreign investments in the country may be made in kind as well as in money, but the capital goods allowed include only machinery, raw materials, tools, and accessories. The law lists the activities in which foreign capital can engage. It also provides that capital cannot be withdrawn until after five years and then in quotas not exceeding 20 per cent of the total investment. Interest and profits can be freely remitted without specific exchange licenses and in unlimited amounts. The Internal Revenue Bureau will issue certificates establishing the amount of the net profits and the payment of the appropriate taxes on them. To make investment there as attractive as possible, various tax exemptions and privileges are also provided.

International Trade

Recently the twenty Latin American republics have been steadily increasing their favorable balance in trade with the United States. For the first nine months of 1953 it totaled 568 million dollars in comparison with a fifty-million-dollar deficit during the same period in 1952. Collections on commercial credits are much more prompt than formerly.

On October 2, a Commercial Convention was signed by Colombia and the Belgium-Luxembourg Union. The agreement, to run for one year, contemplates shipment from Colombia of seven million dollars' worth of coffee and thirty thousand tons of bananas. Belgium-Luxembourg, for its part, will be able to export to Colombia free of the limitations imposed on countries whose trade with that nation is out of balance.

Argentina and Finland have agreed to exchange goods valued at \$32,000,000 under terms of their commercial treaty, signed in 1948. Finland is to supply such items as newsprint, cellulose and mechanical paste for paper making, spruce timber, special steels and steel products, tools, dairy equipment, and radium-therapy equipment. Argentina, in return, will provide corn, rye, bran, vegetable oils, fruit, quebracho tanning extract, hides, wool, casein, glycerine, and powdered meat.

Crops and Quotas

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has established the following quotas for sugar imports in 1954: from Cuba, 2,478,720 tons; the Philippines, 974,000; Peru, 48,241; the Dominican Republic, 25,647; Mexico, 10,634; Nicaragua, 7,269; El Salvador, 3,843; Haiti, 2,482; other countries, 5,164. Domestic production, including that of territories and associated states, is estimated at 4,440,000 tons, made up of 1,800,000 tons of beet sugar and 500,000 of cane grown in the continental United States; 1,080,000 tons from Puerto Rico; 1,052,000 from Hawaii; and 12,000 from the Virgin Islands.



Prologue to THE TENTH CONFERENCE

George C. Compton

THE INTER-AMERICAN CONFERENCE is the supreme auhority of the OAS, the highest forum of our American regional system, and preparations for the Tenth have been made accordingly. When the plenipotentiary delegates of the member states gather in Caracas, Venezuela, on March 1, they will find every modern facility ready to speed the deliberations and rush news of their proposals, arguments, and conclusions to their homelands and the rest of the world. This will be the first full-scale Hemisphere assembly since the 1948 conference that drew up the OAS Charter in strife-torn Bogotá-the normal interval is five years-and the agenda approved by the OAS Council is broad enough to cover almost every inter-American issue. The secretariat staff will number over five hundred people, and the members of national delegations and their advisers may add up to nearly as many.

Site of the sessions, which are expected to go on for about one month, is the University City in a new residential district about three miles east of the heart of the old city, but quickly accessible by express highway. The medical and engineering schools have been using the new campus for seven years, but building is still going on, and construction of the library, Main Auditorium, museum, and communications center was pushed ahead especially for the Tenth Conference. All three thousand seats in the impressive air-conditioned Main Auditorium are permanently wired for receiving five simultaneous-interpretation channels so that the building can be used for any type of international gathering that may come up in the future.

Secretariat services and committee meetings will be concentrated in the twelve-story library building. Members of the press will have offices and a bar at ground level, while the first floor will offer all kinds of information services; the document distribution center; radio, telephone, and telegraph communications—the direct radioteletype equipment can handle up to twenty thousand words an hour—banking and travel offices; and two 150-seat committee rooms. Two larger committee rooms, for two hundred and 280 people, are on the second floor, along with small rooms for sub-committee sessions, studios for radio and television interviews, and the delegates'

lounge and bar. All four committee rooms are equipped for simultaneous interpretation, three with permanent wiring and the largest, where less formal, working plenary sessions will also be held, with an individual-receiver radio system rented from I.B.M.

The next seven levels, going up, are windowless stacks, and the top one will hold the archives, supplies, and shop. Above that, on the ninth floor, will be the translating and mimeographing services for all documents. Offices of the Secretary General, other Conference officials, and officers of the OAS, as well as headquarters of the secretarial and interpreting services, will take up the next two floors, while the delegates' restaurant will occupy the top-most perch. Delegation offices will be housed separately in the Rector's building.

What else is needed to hold an Inter-American Conference? Among other things, eight million sheets of mimeograph paper, 180 typewriters, three hundred desks, some sixty copies of assorted dictionaries for the translating section and twenty-two more for the delegates and committee secretaries so they won't make off with the translators', and transportation (two cars will be placed at the disposal of each delegation). Where do these things come from? "You don't buy what you can rent, and you don't rent what you can borrow" is the motto of the man who makes the arrangements, Secretary General Ernesto Vallenilla-a slogan he made famous at the Special Session of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council in Caracas last year, which he served in the same capacity. Even so, the Conference is a major economic transaction-the Venezuelan Government has budgeted three million dollars to cover costs.

Interpreting and translating department director Paul Kelbaugh of the PAU conferences division will supervise eighteen translators and nine reviewers to see that every proposal, committee report, or other working document is promptly available in the four official languages—Spanish, English, Portuguese, and French. Most of the translation work load comes during the afternoon and night shifts, since everything must be ready for the next morning's sessions. Two high-speed electric dumb-waiters will whisk original documents up to the ninth floor and the finished products back to the distribution desk.

Kelbaugh's assistant, Bob Conrads, the U.S. State Department's vouthful language services director, has rounded up a team of thirty fast-talking, top-notch interpreters from all over the world to carry on the simultaneous performance in the same four tongues at all committee and plenary sessions. They will be under the floor command of booming, towering Julio Vivas of Nicaragua. an old hand at this art. Minutes of plenary sessions will be published verbatim in the speaker's own language, while summary minutes of committee meetings will appear in Spanish only. The signed copy of the Final Act, containing all resolutions, declarations, and recommendations approved by the Conference, will be in Spanish as the language of the host country, and the other official versions will be prepared later by the Pan American Union; but any treaties or conventions will be in all four languages.

Apart from its official delegation, the Pan American Union is lending fifty-one staff members to the Conference secretariat to help run secretarial services, review translations, and so on. The rest of the big staff, excepting the interpreters, of course, is to be hired locally in Caracas.

Delegates will start things off by electing a President and naming credentials and style committees. The chairmen of the delegations and the President of the Conference automatically make up the steering committee. And each country will be represented on every working committee. Usually there is one such major committee for every chapter on the agenda; this time there are five: juridical-political matters, economic matters, social matters, cultural matters, and organizational and functional matters. These groups will then proceed to hash out the twenty-eight agenda topics.

Scarcely any specific proposals for resolutions or

conventions have been submitted by the governments, and it is impossible to predict what will come out of the actual sessions, since no advance notice is required on any proposals stemming from Conference discussions. The OAS Council, whose predecessor, the old PAU Governing Board, spent months working on a draft of the OAS Charter that was completely transformed at Bogotá, is not expressing its views of specific projects this time ("If it is to be discussed in the Tenth Conference, why should we discuss it here?"). But it has seen to it that a factual background document has been prepared by an appropriate technical agency or PAU division on almost every topic. Those reports and the results of earlier specialized meetings indicate many points that will come up for debate.

In the field of international law, Brazil has suggested that the "Pact of Bogotá." in which the various procedures for peaceful settlement of disputes were codified in 1948. be revised in order to meet the objections of certain countries. Only eight nations have ratified the convention to date. At the same time, El Salvador has come forth with a proposal for establishing an Inter-American Court of Justice. That idea, which has been advocated by various countries at conferences since 1923, was passed over in the Bogotá pact, which recognized the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice at The Hague in matters of international law. As members of the United Nations, all the American states are ipso facto parties to the statute of the International Court. But the scope of authority granted it in the 1948 agreement was one of the stumbling blocks to ratification. Under the same general heading of peaceful relations, the Conference will also consider the future status of the Inter-American Peace Committee, which has successfully smoothed over

Site of Tenth Inter-American Conference—Caracas' growing University City. Main Auditorium is in center, Library at right





All three thousand seats in Main Auditorium will be equipped to receive simultaneous interpretation in four languages



Calm of this modern committee room will soon be broken by bristling debates on Hemisphere economic and political problems

several sources of international friction since it was organized in 1948.

Also on the agenda are draft conventions prepared by the Inter-American Juridical Committee on both diplomatic asylum (as in an embassy) and territorial asylum (within the granting country). They were approved by the Inter-American Council of Jurists when it met in Buenos Aires last year, despite Peru's objections to the introduction of the diplomatic asylum proposal. Peru maintained that the Juridical Committee had been asked to study only the territorial kind and pointed to the various agreements on diplomatic asylum previously signed. The Juridical Committee's draft clearly makes the state offering asylum the judge of the urgency of the applicant's situation and the nature of his offense. Its study of the subject stemmed from the OAS Council's action on the troubled Caribbean situation in 1950; the same Council resolution was also the starting point for a proposed revision of the Convention on Duties and Rights of States in the Event of Civil Strife, which is primarily concerned with preventing arms traffic and other military steps intended to start or promote civil strife in another country.

One political topic that should be among the liveliest was originally proposed by the United States: "Intervention of International Communism in the American Republics." For guidance on strengthening internal security, delegates can refer to a 432-page book on the subject prepared by the PAU Department of International Law, analyzing the legislation and practice of all the American states, including their wartime experience.

In general, the juridical relations of the American states are already fairly well defined, so the greatest progress is expected in the economic field. The main theme of Latin American economic thought and hopes in recent years has been development-industrialization and better balanced economies-with the fundamental aim of raising income levels and standards of living. In most cases, capital is not available locally in the volume required for rapid industrial and agricultural expansion, and planners look for backing abroad. In the past, they have often relied on governmental or International Bank action, but the special meeting of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council specifically recognized the need for encouraging private capital investments abroad -although not all the governments welcome foreign funds.

If these countries are to produce more goods, they must find markets for them, so the expansion of regional and international trade is a companion goal. In this connection, the agenda promises discussions of supply and demand and prices. During the war, the Latin American countries sold vast quantities of raw materials to the United States and accumulated large dollar reserves because the manufactured goods they needed were not for sale with U. S. industry converted to war production. When the goods came back on the market, controls were removed and prices shot up beyond reason. Ever since, there have been demands for some system for guaranteeing the purchasing power of monetary reserves, but no government could do that for foreign traders without doing the same for its own citizens. The real key to the problem in a free economy, many feel, lies in price stabilization. Another thing that interests the Economic and Social Council is the "terms of trade"-the relative trends of prices for raw materials and manufactured goods. Some countries, which felt that prices on manufactured items they had to buy were out of line with what they got for food or mineral exports, wanted some kind of international agreement to boost prices on their products.

A factor not to be ignored in long-term economic development is the OAS Technical Cooperation Program, under which specialists are being trained in economic and financial statistics, better farming methods, low-cost housing construction, the management of cooperatives, control of foot-and-mouth disease, rural-school teaching and other techniques. In its report on the program, the Economic and Social Council's Committee on Technical Cooperation points to the difficulties under which it is laboring. With the present set-up, financed

(Continued on page 35)

Arturo Uslar-Pietri

The valley of Caracas is a gift from heaven, enfolded in the mountains like an orchard created for man's delight. Running from east to west, it is separated from the sea by the majestic bulk of El Avila. To the south gently rolling foothills close the circle. It is not very big, and from any moderately high point you can view the entire valley. Although it is in the tropics, only nine miles as the crow flies from the Caribbean, its 3,280-foot altitude gives it a climate that has been praised by all comers (an eighteenth-century historian compared it with the Garden of Eden's). The figures confirm this enthusiasm: the annual mean temperature in the shade is 67.8°F., with the maximum averaging only 78.4°. One of my friends likes to call Caracas an air-conditioned city.

Along with its balmy climate and beautiful setting, the Venezuelan capital is blessed with an extraordinary quality of light. The sky is a deep, lucid blue, and El Avila serves as a pedestal for foamy white cloud formations. The luminous atmosphere lends trees and houses a festive appearance, and everything keeps changing color as the day progresses. El Avila is like a tremendous backdrop for the play of light. With each passing hour it seems to take on a different shade, almost a different shape, while its mantle of forest turns from green to ochre to lilac to purple. The continual transformation of this mountain is a spectacle as inexhaustible as that of the sea. Towering El Avila will always make a miniature of Caracas, giving it the air and flavor of a village in the shadow of a hill.

Right now the city is undergoing a violent upheaval. Demolition dust floats everywhere, and construction cranes that look like prehistoric monsters poke their necks out of excavations all over the city. Buildings spring up overnight. Sidewalks zigzag from the receding





façade of a recently completed structure to the protruding front of an old house. Broad new avenues are knocking down walls and choking off narrow streets that wound through the colonial part of town. The old city is disappearing, and another, completely different, is replacing it.

Colonial Caracas was a small conglomeration of onestory houses lining straight, narrow streets laid out in squares at one end of the valley. The cobblestone streets and flagstone walks were identical, and the houses, with their wide, nail-studded doors and grilled windows, were all of a pattern too. The tile roofs jutted out over the street. Inside were patios with trees and flowers, shady corridors, and rooms lined up in rows. There were no large buildings. Only the Archbishop's Palace, Government House, and a few other structures had two stories. Nor was there a monumental church. The building stone. wealth, and native labor force that made possible marvelous baroque temples and grandiose palaces in other Spanish American cities were missing here. Venezuelan churches were made of adobe and their steeples were never very high. Moreover, the earthquake of 1812 virtually demolished the city, and reconstruction was hampered by shortages of all types during the revolutionary period.

The oldest painting of Caracas in existence, done by an unknown artist in 1766, can now be seen in the National Museum Old Caracas was the capital of a sprawling, poverty-stricken, and isolated region. By an ironical paradox Venezuela, where El Dorado was most assiduously sought, was the place where the fewest mines were discovered during colonial days. Not until the middle of the nineteenth century did rich deposits of gold turn up in the region south of the Orinoco River. If they had been discovered two centuries earlier, the history of Venezuela and of the whole Spanish American colonial world would have been different. Nevertheless, it was not the long-sought gold that was destined to enrich the country, but the oil that has been exploited since the second decade of this century and the iron ore that is only now being mined.

The center of the old city was the Plaza Mayor, which served as marketplace, courthouse, and the focal point of social life. Most of the residents lived within ten blocks of it and converged there to exchange news, hold discussions, and carry on political and cultural activities. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, President Guzmán Blanco removed the market, planted flower beds, and placed an equestrian statue of Bolívar in the middle of the square, which has since been known as the Plaza Bolívar.

The old Caracas, diminutive and modest, had a lot of charm and a personality all its own. Eighteenth-century visitors praised the gracious rhythm of life there, the hospitality and courtesy of its residents, the beauty of its women, and the dedication of its men. It boasted many highly cultured citizens, and its young people were imbued with intellectual curiosity and idealism. A taste for good music was prevalent, and the latest European compositions were played there. Caraqueños were in close touch with all the latest developments of the civilized world.

The oldest picture of the city in existence was painted in the mid-eighteenth century by an unknown artist. It shows the Virgin surrounded by angels and saints looking majestically down from heaven on the city that is dedicated to her, with its red roofs and prim streets punctuated by church belfries. At that very time history was about to be made in Caracas. In the area shown by the picture and within three blocks of the Plaza Mayor, three children predestined for glory were born between 1750 and 1783. Opposite the Concepción Convent stood the birthplace of Francisco de Miranda, who fought for the independence of Spanish America and also took part in the American and French Revolutions. Near the San Jacinto Convent Simón Bolívar first saw the light of day in a big, showy house. And next to Las Mercedes Church was the home of Andrés Bello, the great humanist who was to be called Spanish America's foremost man of letters.

Miranda's and Bello's homes were later torn down, and Bolívar's was completely remodeled. But the reputations of these men have hallowed Caracas and given it a significant role in the intellectual and political formation of the Spanish American world.

Everybody knew everybody in old Caracas. In giving directions people fell into the habit of identifying blocks



No bombs struck here—only demolition squads preparing the way for Avenida Este 1



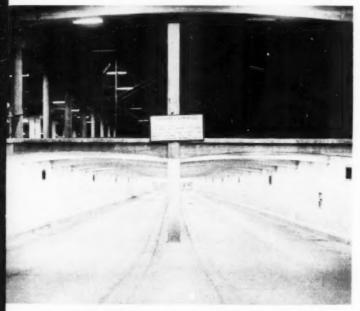
Steely skeleton of another skyscraper that is taking its place in the changing skyline of Caracas



Caracas Cathedral stands on the Plaza Bolívar, formerly known as the Plaza Mayor



The bill for the Avenida Bolivar and the futuristic buildings bordering it will come to some three hundred million dollars



Besides eight lanes for surface traffic, the Avenida Bolivar has an underground expressway and huge subterranean garages



by the names of people who lived on the corners. When someone asked how to find a certain house, he would be told that it was between the corner where the Madrices lived and the one with the Ibarras' house, or between the Count's home and the Carmelite Convent, or between Dr. Paúl and Salvador de León. This curious nomenclature lasted long after the families and houses for which the corners had been named were gone. To this day most people ignore the official addresses of East 1, South 2, or North 5, and say, to the amazement and confusion of foreigners, "between Muerto (Dead Man) and Isleño (Islander)," or "between Desamparados (Foundlings) and Horno Negro (Black Oven)."

This red-roofed Caracas described by Pérez Bonalde in his poem Vuelta a la Patria (Return to the Homeland) was the capital of a vast rural territory with poor communications and large unpopulated sections. Its only income was from the sale of cacao grown in the hot regions and coffee from the temperate zones. A few slow, toylike trains moved out of the capital headed for the sea or for the Aragua and Tuy Valleys. The journey from train to plantation was made on muleback. The chief means of communication were the sea, Lake Maracaibo, the Orinoco and its tributaries. Students, businessmen, politicians, and sick people in remote ports wishing to make use of the limited advantages of the capital could reach it only by weeks of rugged voyaging.

It was not until after World War I that seventeenthcentury customs and production methods underwent radical change. Tractors replaced oxen, and highways and airplanes reached into regions where only beasts of burden had preceded them. Schools and modern hospitals were built where quack doctors had formerly held sway. Malaria, which rested like a biblical scourge on most of the territory, began to diminish and has now practically disappeared.

One of the fundamental causes of this transformation was the discovery and intensive exploitation of petroleum deposits. Venezuela, which ranked fifth or sixth among the world's coffee exporters, suddenly became the leading exporter of oil. The national coffers filled up. In twenty-five years the population doubled, the national budget and national income grew ten times larger, the average annual per capita income became one of the highest in the Hemisphere.

At first the changes in Caracas were gradual. As the San Agustín district spread over what had been pastures for the city's horses, the new houses retained the patios and grillwork of their colonial predecessors. The older section of El Paraíso began the century with some wooden dwellings shaded by huge rain trees, a tennis club, a race track, and a lurching streetcar. But its development had been slow and sporadic. In 1930 the La Florida section began to fan out from the old Avenida Este toward the foothills. Here the first tree-lined avenues and gardenencircled houses without grilled windows appeared. Conservative caraqueños thought the section too far away and refused to budge from their old-fashioned homes, which enjoyed the convenience of a grocery store on the

(Continued on page 30)

Avenida Andrés Bello, named for Venezuela's outstanding man of letters, who was born in Caracas in 1781

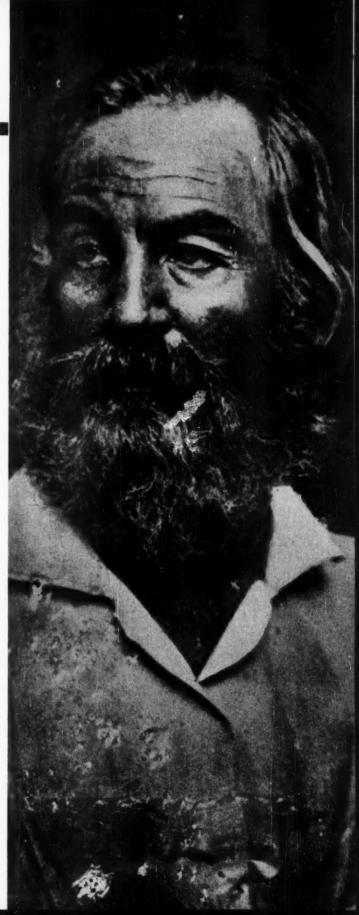
the Whitman myth

Fernando Alegría

TO THE HISPANIC PUBLIC Walt Whitman is the bard immortalized by all the portraits-with a long beard and a shepherd's staff, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and breasting the wind. His grav figure is surmounted by a halo of indisputable sainthood. His poetry is accepted as gospel, and while this gospel appears to have its own private meaning for each poet or critic, all dip into Leaves of Grass with pious respect, not doubting in the slightest that somewhere in the book the expected revelation will burst forth. This is why, in Latin American literature, there is almost no strictly critical evaluation of him as a human being or as an artist; there are only, to a greater or lesser degree, apologias. Thus Whitman achieved in Latin America his life's ambition: to convince the reader that he and his book were one single, perfect unit, that when he said, "Camerado, this is no book, who touches this touches a man," he was not using a metaphor but speaking literally. In 1932 an Argentine writer, Jorge Luis Borges, pointed out this fundamental defect in the apologetic biographies of Whitman-in other words, nearly all those written in Spanish-when he said in his book Discusión: "Almost everything that has been written about Whitman is falsified by two endless errors. One is the summary identification of Whitman the captious man of letters with Whitman the semidivine hero of Leaves of Grass, as Don Quixote is of the Quixote; the other, the senseless adoption of the style and vocabulary of his poems—that is, of the same surprising phenomenon for which an explanation is sought."

The Spanish Americans who have written about Whitman's life identify the poet with the "I" of "Song of Myself": hence even the most absurdly trivial incidents seem fraught with transcendent significance. They glorify Whitman's childhood: they describe him growing up in the midst of a wild landscape framed romantically by Long Island's rocky beaches and green solitudes. Whitman spends his adolescence "absorbing" the world, storing up experiences that will later be transmuted into poetic material. Beside the sea he reads aloud the works of the great masters of antiquity. His parents glow with biblical sanctity-his father a respectable carpenter, his mother a noble woman of profound Quaker spirituality. The young Whitman tries all kinds of jobs, but his bohemian inclinations triumph over bureaucratic routine. He wanders like a celestial primitive through the Broadway area, frequents the docks and the workingmen's taverns, rides in busses and ferryboats. He is an elder brother to the workers, a loving and tender father to the soldiers fallen in the Civil War. In the course of his work as a nurse, Whitman loses his health and contracts the paralysis that will torment his old age. For

*Adapted from a chapter of Walt Whitman en Hispano América, being published by Fondo de Culturo Económica of Mexico.



Camera portrait of Walt Whitman by famous nineteenth-century photographer Matthew Brady

most Spanish Americans Leaves of Grass is the result of an esthetic and mystic revelation. It is a miracle of genius that took place unexpectedly in the poet's life on his return from a trip to New Orleans, perhaps stimulated by a love affair, perhaps obeying metaphysical impulses in his search for divinity. In a word, the Spanish American biographies of Whitman set in motion a myth—a myth that the poet himself, if he could come back to life with all his yearning for idealization, would have difficulty recognizing.

Why this excessive glorification, this boundless veneration of the North American poet in the Spanish-speaking intellectual world? There is, of course, a historical reason: Spanish and Spanish American literary circles first learned about him from an article by the illustrious Cuban José Martí, which was so brilliant and convincing that Whitman was immediately accepted by the most disparate schools as an unblemished apostle, as the leading poetic representation of the American democratic character. It was Marti who revealed the treasures of Leaves of Grass to Rubén Dario and the modernist generation, and Dario's famous sonnet to Whitman, included in the second edition of Azul, was written in response to Marti's article, which had appeared in La Nación of Buenos Aires in 1887. Much has been written about the influence of Edgar Allan Poe on the modernist writers, but the critics have failed to notice that Whitman's influence, though less intense than Poe's, was felt by the precursors of modernism and has certainly lasted much longer. But there is also another reason for the extraordinary popularity of Whitman among Spanish Americans, a reason more debatable and relative because of its psychological nature, but in my opinion just as important as Marti's partisan enthusiasm: the fact that in the Hispanic world the figure of a prophet-bard not only is not in the least strange, but might be described as traditional and common. Therefore, neither the public nor the critics wonder at a canonized image of Whitman, or submit it to impertinent doubts and investigations. North Americans mistrust a writer who tries too obviously to stand out from the crowd, especially if he resorts to eccentricities of dress and language, as Whitman did. In Latin America, on the other hand, the right to publicity is respected, and the poet or politician or philosopher can depend on the tacit confidence of the public when he plays the role he has chosen in order to put across his works and ideas.

Another thing: research into Whitman's life is a difficult task in the Hispanic countries, where the libraries as a rule possess only a single copy of Leaves of Grass and the best equipped also boast one or another Spanish version of the Whitman biographies written by his most ardent disciples. Which means that the sources of information available to an aspiring Spanish American biographer of Whitman are reduced to The Magnificent Idler, by Cameron Rogers; American Giant, by Frances Winwar; and Walt Whitman, Builder for America, by Babette Deutsch. To these three must be added Walt Whitman, L'Homme et Son Oeuvre, written in 1908 by the Frenchman Léon Bazalgette, which Hispanic Whit-



Carybé, Argentine painter who illustrated Spanish translation of Whitman's works, sees poet as prophet of primeval nature

manists unanimously consider a work of fundamental importance and from which the bulk of the material they use ultimately derives. The authors best versed in North American literature and particularly those who have had an opportunity to study in the United States also cite some of Whitman's less popular writings, such as Specimen Days and A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads, and at least mention specialists and disciples like Bucke, O'Connor, Burroughs, Symonds, Traubel, Carpenter, and Binns. So Whitman's life has come to Spanish America after having been submitted to a careful and inspired process of glorification, and this process is continued at the hands of critics and poets who today defend the poet's memory with as much zeal and fire as his friends in England did almost a century ago.

Those who have carried on the Whitman cult in Spain and Spanish America represent the most diverse literary, philosophical, religious, and political trends. Some have been mere journalists, like the Spaniard signing himself "Angel Guerra," who wrote on Whitman in 1910 and 1911 and occupied himself mainly with distinguishing between Rousseau's "natural" man and the "primitive" represented by Whitman in his life. Others were professors and critics of note. Among these were Cebriá Montoliu, whose Walt Whitman, L'Home i Sa Tasca (1913), written in Catalan, reveals a deep understanding

of the Whitman message and has had wide influence in Spain and Spanish America; the Chilean Armando Donoso, who emphasized in an article published in 1915 the biblical qualities of Whitman's personality in contrast to the "crude" accents of Yankee civilization; and Arturo Torres-Rioseco, also a Chilean, whose Walt Whitman, published by Joaquín García Monge in 1922, presents the author of Leaves of Grass as a compendium of Americanism, a sublime incarnation of the most exalted nationalistic sentiment, who sang of his land and his people in verses that men of all latitudes can understand. Others devoted themselves to Whitman's personality and life, pointing out incidentally his influence on the development of contemporary American literature—for example, Luis Alberto Sánchez in his Panorama de la Literatura Actual (1933) and the Cuban José Antonio Ramos in his Panorama de la Literatura Norteamericana (1935).

There have been women aplenty in the Hispanic Whitman movement, and among the biographers Pepita Turina of Chile and Concha Zardoya of Spain must be mentioned. Both are fervent admirers of the Camden poet, but while the former has written of him in a realistic and, to a certain extent, objective vein, the latter has idealized his personality and his work with truly romantic inspiration. It is curious, apropos of this difference in attitudes, to compare the two authors' versions of the same episode. Speaking of Whitman's death, Pepita Turina said in a lecture given at the University of Chile in 1942:

When at the end of March 1892, at the University of Pennsylvania, four doctors performed the autopsy (agreed to and desired in advance by the deceased), his decayed physical identity was thus catalogued: pulmonary tissue damaged by the existence of unsuspected pleurisy; two tuberculous abcesses that had broken the sternum and the fifth rib; a large calculus obstructing the gall bladder. And besides these serious affections, a brain "notable for the symmetry of its convolutions" and the heart intact.

It is not common for a lecturer to begin an address, expected to be a panegyric, with such a detailed and anatomical description of the subject's cadaver. But for this very reason, for their objectivity, Pepita Turina's pages on Whitman are as refreshing as a balm. Let us



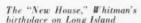
turn now to Concha Zardoya's version of the poet's death in Walt Whitman, Obras Escogidas (1946);

Finally, like a passing breeze or a petal that detaches itself and drops, the end came at dusk. . . . Walt Whitman, by some unknown stairway, had disappeared into the great All. Adorable and balsamic death! Praised be you! Praised! Praised! O powerful liberator! A fine rain was falling outside. The poet had declared, months before his death, that he would consent to an autopsy if this were of any use to medicine. So it was done. . . . The heart was intact.

The heart was intact, but the ribs were pierced, Pepita Turina would have put it. The two styles could not be more diverse, yet both authors are moved by the same



Daguerreotype of Whitman in his twenties "reveals a certain anemia and the typical romantic sentimentality of the age"





desire to exalt the poet's physical and spiritual grandeur. An identical difference appears in two other noted Whitmanists: the Spanish-Argentine José Gabriel and the Argentine Luis L. Franco. In Walt Whitman, la Voz Democrática de América (1944), Gabriel relates the life of the Yankee poet with notable realism, dispensing with superfluous details and choosing, out of the material already used by Léon Bazalgette, the facts that illuminate the most profound areas of Whitman's poetry. Gabriel does not reject the prosaic facts indispensable to an authentic black-and-white reproduction of Whitman's and his relatives' personalities. Gabriel gives his hero a new dimension when he says, for example, that Whitman

(Continued on page 41)



Junto Adult School leadquarrers, where it is a post ime

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It costs less to take a con at non-profit Junto than to go to the movies once a week

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IT WAS A MAXIM of Benjamin Franklin's, duly set forth in Poor Richard's Almanac, that "being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn." What rescues this sentiment from the fatuous is that Franklin not only believed it but devoted much of a long and busy lifeduring which he was otherwise occupied as printer, publisher, writer, scientist, inventor, civic leader, statesman, and diplomat-to making sure that neither kind of censure could ever be applied to him. This habit of investigating whatever new subject came his way prompted him, in 1727, to form among his Philadelphia friends a "club for mutual improvement." He called it the Junto, using a thencommon corruption of the Spanish junta ("committee" or "group"). And since, in Philadelphia, everything sooner or later comes back to Ben Franklin, the group of prominent citizens who met in 1941 to set up an adult school took over the name he had used. Today, with more than twenty-five thousand students in daytime and evening classes, a building of its own in the heart of town, a suburban junior college, and a weekend school, the new Junto resembles the old in name, in philosophy, and in very little else.

Franklin's club met every Friday night to discuss "queries on any point of Morals, Politics, or Natural Philosophy" propounded by the twelve members, who were also required to prepare an essay every three months. The only rules-made, Franklin explains in his Autobiography, to "prevent our disgusting each other"-were that the debates must "be conducted in the sincere spirit of inquiry after truth, without fondness for dispute, or desire of victory; and, to prevent warmth, all expressions of positiveness in opinions, or direct contradiction, were after some time made contraband and prohibited under small pecuniary penalties." Yet the club remained in existence for forty years, proved of sufficient value to its founder that he declared it "the best school of philosophy, morality, and politics that then existed in the provinces, and left as memorials the American Philosophical Society and the free-library system.

Around the headquarters of its successor, the atmosphere is considerably less solemn. Almost three hundred courses, ranging from Advertising through Charming Woman, Jazz Appreciation, and Psychology of Religion to Writers' Workshop, are offered, each meeting once a week for nine weeks and costing five dollars. Here Philadelphians can learn in their spare time to rumba, to buy real estate wisely, to speak French, to appraise current events, to understand Plato, or to paint landscapes. On one recent evening, a visitor opening doors at random would have found:

In a large room just off the main entrance, Beginners' Spanish. A small bouncy man on the platform spoke slowly, accompanying himself with florid explanatory gestures, never lapsing into English. He asked a good many questions, and his students, mostly people in their twenties, fired back the answers in Spanish. They were having a little difficulty with the verb gustar, which struck them as requiring sentences to be constructed backward.

Upstairs, Voice Improvement. A good rate of speech for a lecture, the teacher was saying, is that needed to read the Twenty-third Psalm in one minute. The class tried it out, one by one. The problems varied; two were foreigners, one had a slight speech impediment, others merely suffered from the local tendency to swallow syllables.

Around the corner, Vocabulary Building. The instructor gave the etymology of "homogeneous," which reminded someone to ask about "husbandry." Though small, the class was intense, and probably did not hear the woodwind noises issuing from Music Appreciation next door.

One flight up, Furniture Refinishing. Strenuous as this activity is, most of the students were middle-aged women. Some scrubbed away at small wood objects as the instructor, a chic young woman who looked like an interior decorator, talked about the importance of using a sealer.

Adult education is by now so much a part of U.S. life that it sometimes seems as if everyone were going to lectures or reading the Great Books or studying modern dance. In 1951, the National Education Association estimated that public-school adult programs alone had an enrollment of about five million; others are run by university extension divisions, libraries, labor unions, business organizations, and youth associations-or by groups of interested private citizens, like Junto. Under this head is included only the taking of courses for the fun of it, not the earning of a degree at night or the belated pickingup of a high-school diploma. While the details of these programs vary, Junto is fairly typical. It is a non-profit institution, though unlike most of the others it is designed to pay its own way. Its classes are taught by teachers from the local schools and colleges or by practicing professionals in the various fields. It requires no homework, holds no examinations, awards no academic credits. Apart from the teachers, who receive ten dollars a session, its only paid employees are the three members of the office force. Its policies are set by a volunteer twelve-man board of directors (another bow to the Franklin tradition).

As a concerted movement, adult education in the United States dates back only about a quarter of a century. It was just becoming a national catchword when the founders of Junto laid their plans in 1941. All men active in civic affairs, they included, among others, John F. Lewis, Jr., president of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; George F. Kearney, head of a newspaper syndicate; Dr. Albert A. Owens, director of the extension division of the Philadelphia Board of Education; and Philip Klein, youthful president of an advertising agency. They agreed Philadelphia should have an adult school. The fundamental question was, did Philadelphia want one?

To find out, they held a mass meeting at the Academy of Music with Carl Van Doren, noted Franklin biographer, as one of the principal speakers. The Academy, which seats three thousand, was filled to overflowing. In line with the sound theory of striking while the iron is hot, the plans had been completed in advance and registrations were taken then and there. Enough resulted to make Junto a going concern at once. For financial reasons, the first classes were held at the Mercantile Library, a venerable institution of which Lewis was then president—quite informal classes, since the only available space was in the

stacks, where bookshelves were shifted to form classroom partitions. Within a couple of years the school had outgrown these quarters. Pleased with itself, and expecting an even larger turnout if courses were brought to the various neighborhoods of the sprawling city, Junto applied for permission to use public school facilities. This was a mistake, a bad one.

Many reasons can be suggested for the crisis that soon developed. The original momentum—the burst of enthusiasm that inspired the founders and was communicated to the Academy audience—inevitably slowed, some of the backers withdrew, policy disagreements arose, operating costs went up. But what mattered most was that after a year or two enrollments declined below the level of safety and stayed there. Plainly, no one was interested. Why not? Because, the directors came to realize, people did not like to go to classes in public schools. They remembered their school days only too well; thank heaven, they were through with all that. Convenient or not, the schoolroom was not for them.

An emergency meeting staved off disaster. Three stalwart supporters offered to underwrite the venture on condition that they run it themselves as it should be run. Cherishing the insight into popular psychology acquired so perilously, back they went to the Mercantile Library. By the time it was razed two years ago, and an opportunity for a quick profit in a real-estate deal enabled Junto to buy its present building, once again the extra space was needed. Now it has also become the owner of an established junior college, for which it has impressive plans.

To be sure, the very observers who note with approval the trend toward adult education may question the intellectual benefits to be derived from courses in traydecorating or fishing. The Junto directors' attitude toward such criticism is relaxed. They are not so ambitious as to think they can remake society or so presumptuous as to think they know how; to judge by the enrollment, they are clearly giving the public something it wants: and there is a great deal to be said, considering the censure often leveled at North Americans as preferring "passive" entertainment, for a place that develops active, sometimes creative hobbies and for all the people who show enough interest to sign up. But no philistinism is involvedgranted that Shakespeare is more elevating than silk lampshades, it is always possible to attract the lampshade makers and tray decorators and square dancers to Shakespeare once they have been drawn over the school's threshold, and not possible at all so long as an unrelieved emphasis on academic subjects keeps them away in droves. Meanwhile, with a sketchy composite picture of the student body to go on (most are youngish, though there have been registrants up to ninety; women slightly outnumber men), the directors work constantly to broaden the roster of courses and to add as much "cultural" leavening as the public will accept. They are also as much aware as anyone else that some students regard Junto as a superior variety of lonely-hearts club. Well and good. Giving the friendless a chance to meet people is not in itself contemptible, and they too may be enticed into learning.



Handicraft and hobby courses are very popular. Here students make pottery by the coil method

In the bridge class, for example, one elderly player said she had registered simply to sharpen her game, but (thoughtfully) she noticed there was a German class down the hall. Now, in her youth, she had studied German; perhaps it wasn't too foolish of her to hope she could still brush up on it next year. A widow at the same table explained that her son had enrolled her, forcibly—he thought she was staying at home too much and brooding. And so she had been, she reported cheerfully.

In view of their success at finding the answer, the directors might fairly be asked, what do people want? The truth is, they do not really know. When they stop to think about it, they find this a trifle embarrassing: after watching well over a hundred thousand students come and go in thirteen years, after planning hundreds of courses and guessing right most of the time, after years of carrying on successful careers of their own in various public fields, perhaps they ought to know. One thing they have learned, and never forgotten-the lesson of their unhappy experience with the public schools. Many people even prefer paying Junto fees to taking identical courses offered free of charge by the city board of education. The notably unacademic atmosphere that therefore prevails around Junto may be why students have come from as far away as Harrisburg, a hundred miles to the west. But the public remains unpredictable enough to make each new project a gamble. History is unpopular and literature is thought to require tactful handling, yet a class in poetry writing, introduced gingerly as an experiment, proved a hit. On the other hand, the absolutely sure-fire "The Atom and You." scheduled not long after Hiroshima, drew three enrollments. While city government aroused no interest whatever, a course called "What is Communism?" grew almost spontaneously out of a warm and highly inconclusive argument in another course.

With such shifting sands to build on, the administration can only announce its program and wait. In the normal course of events, twenty-five to thirty per cent of the students will have dropped out by the end of the first month (as against fifty per cent in most similar schools), whether because of disappointment in the subject matter, because they dislike the teacher, or because they have found what they frankly consider something better to do with their time. If the rate runs higher in any given class, the reason is looked for. So long as a class brings in enough money to pay the teacher, Junto will keep it going; but instructors willing to accept less than the set fee and hopeful about their chance of attracting recruits may, if they like, continue a course that does not meet this modest standard. Usually they do. After all, at least two of the most popular courses—investments, which now has an enrollment of about 125, and philosophies of living—started off thus dishearteningly.

One experiment now solidly entrenched is the Personality Workshop. Conceived three or four years ago by board members Henry Klein, who directs it, and George F. Kearney, it is a series of courses based on the recognized technique of solving one's difficulties by talking them out in small groups. The waiting list at psychiatric clinics was, they felt, ample evidence of the unsettled state of people's minds, and there must be countless others whose problems were not severe enough to drive them to clinics. The five areas covered are Self-Help Through Group Counseling, Your Child's Work, Your Weight, Living with Your Emotions, and Your Job. Each starts with a brief lecture by the psychiatrist or psychologist in charge, then turns into a seminar. So that everyone will participate, the courses are held down to a maximum enrollment of twenty-five. An advisory board of doctors and educators "keeps us in line," as Klein says. For example, in their early enthusiasm, the planners projected psychological tests for all students at the beginning and

Administration building of Harcum Junior College, recently acquired by fast-growing Junto



end of each course. That, the advisers warned, was going too far.

The Workshop as a whole is well past the trial stage. It always takes a few weeks for group members to shed their reserve and analyze their behavior out loud, but sooner or later they all open up. But in the Workshop as in the rest of the school, the factor of public unpredictability pops up. Your Job, highly successful the first year, drew little response the second, while Your Weight reversed the order.

In other things, too, Junto has had to take a chance. Its war workers' canteen, in the early forties, languished and died within a year. There was no real need for one in a city the size of Philadelphia, though only hindsight could prove it. No good reason has yet been advanced for the miserable failure of the Junto concerts. This series offered, at low cost, sterling attractions like the Weidman dance group, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and various well-known soloists.

But the biggest gamble is the latest—the college, At the moment Harcum Junior College, in suburban Bryn Mawr, is operating much as it has always done—as a two-year finishing school for young ladies who want more than a high-school education but less than a university degree. Probably nothing drastic will be done to interfere with this pattern until the investment has been paid off. Then the directors hope to stretch the program out to the regular four years and eventually to make Harcum a "people's college," to use the Scandinavian term-that is, a college for adults. People today live longer, retire younger, and have more leisure; many are interested in resuming their education, and more might be if courses were slanted toward them rather than toward adolescents. This means that not only the subject matter but the teaching methods must be different from those used in conventional colleges. Other possibilities for Harcum include summer "study camps" of two weeks or so, built around discussion of art, music, or other subjects but still affording students a vacation; straight evening classes for the community; and short residence courses of one kind or another. All this is an old story in the Scandinavian countries, particularly Denmark, and Junto is drawing on their experience.

A start has been made this year with the weekend school—the first of its kind in the United States—directed by Henry Klein. A different topic (say, current affairs, Spanish, or philosophies for living) is scheduled for each session, and groups of about thirty gather at Harcum to spend a weekend exploring it under the leadership of an authority. More than twenty such centers have been opened in England since World War II, and Klein, who visited them as a preliminary to planning Junto's, thinks that their success can be duplicated on this side of the Atlantic. In fact, so popular was the first series last autumn that a winter term of thirteen more weekends is being held.

Quite a change from the original Junto. But "mutual improvement" is still the motto, and no one in Philadelphia thinks Franklin would be ashamed of his part in it.

16

Pablo Antonio Cuadra

REVIEWING an exhibition of Spanish American paintings in Madrid two years ago, the Spanish poet and art critic Luis Felipe Vivanco called the Nicaraguan participants "a small but excellent and homogeneous group." It was also a highly significant group, since its members had revolutionized their country's art and created the first native school of painting.

Back in 1928-29, a few of us in Nicaragua started the "Vanguard" literary movement. Our circle—which included the poet Joaquín Pasos, the short-story writer and poet José Coronel Urtecho, and the journalist, teacher, and poet Luis Alberto Cabrales—hoped to stimulate corresponding activity in the other arts, especially painting. But we elicited only isolated and sporadic response. The pioneer of Nicaraguan painting, Rodrigo Peñalba, had already distinguished himself, but he was studying in Europe. Many years were to elapse before he would come back to fan new creative flames in a group of young Nicaraguan painters "whose names," according to Vivanco, "we must remember because of the role they seem

NICARAGUA'S NEW

destined to fill in the future development of Latin American art."

Peñalba studied mostly in Italy, although he also absorbed what he needed from France, Spain, and Mexico. He returned to Nicaragua after a highly successful exhibit in New York, which gave U. S. critics a chance to view the first expressions of the new trend. The young painter had married in Italy, and this union came to be a symbol of his work. For the most interesting thing about his art is the mixture-also seen in the paintings of some of Mexico's leading contemporary artists-of Italian tranquillity and clarity with Spanish-Indian baroque and dramatic qualities. Peñalba's work is the fruit of an intriguing and vital struggle between the same two factors that are apparent in the poetry of Rubén Dario-adventure and order. Or the struggle between the classic Mediterranean tradition and the painful, embryonic one of the Caribbean region.

With his restless, eager eyes—set in a very Spanish face—Rodrigo Peñalba follows the difficult star of the Quetzalcoatl myth, which is the basic legend of our Caribbean culture. It is the story of a man who brings the seed of a culture from across the sea, and makes it bear new fruit in a new land through an incessant and dramatic process, full of nostalgia, journeyings, and tragic antagonisms between the organic call of the land and the adventurous call of the sea. Baptized in the waters of both the Mediterranean and the Caribbean, Peñalba has

sought to achieve a synthesis, and his work has vacillated between anguish and repose, achieving chromatic effects that will serve from now on as the points of departure for Nicaraguan painting.

When he mounted the scaffolding of the parish church in Diriamba, Nicaragua, to depict the martyrdom of St. Sebastian in a series of murals, Peñalba was steeped in the tradition that surrounds that courageous Roman soldier. The work is revolutionary, but has roots as Latin as our language. Yet shortly afterward we encounter a Peñalba who rebels against his Latin heritage and turns out, with an appealing hostility toward tradition, dramatic oils like *The Crucifixion* and his famous *St. Luke*. Again we find him successfully blending the two forces, as in his beautiful native-style paintings, *Boy, The Vendor*, and *Creole Madonna*.

The Nicaraguan Government put Peñalba in charge of the dormant School of Fine Arts, and right away he was surrounded by gifted students who, operating as a unit (in exactly the same way as our literary group), produced our country's first collective art movement without

ARTISTS

forming a closely knit school or losing their individuality. Peñalba demands quality and authenticity of his students, leaving them free to develop their own personality and artistic style. He is a friend who humbly accompanies them in their anxieties and searchings.

The School of Fine Arts not only produced this pioneering group but succeeded in creating a new atmosphere. Nicaraguans have a frugal approach to art, which has both its good and its bad points. No other American people has so thoroughly eliminated decoration and so stylized the temperamental New World baroque as the Nicaraguans. We are true reactionaries against the tropics. I imagine that if our native pre-Columbian art had gone on for several more centuries, it would have become a thousand times more rigidly stylized than that of early Egypt, and as unendurable as the heat of our summers. Spanish art injected us with a little of its fecundity of form, but even so the colonial architecture of Nicaragua is the most sober and desolate on the continent: it is an art that has taken a vow of chastity. The architects relied on the fertile countryside to supply what was missing. So it is that the Nicaraguan looks at art with irony and disdain. This is both an advantage and a danger an advantage because the artist faces his surroundings. directly, without intermediaries, as Jacob faced the angel, and a danger because barrenness can easily result from the lack of an artistic atmosphere or climate. The School of Fine Arts has inspired a communal spirit among artists

and awakened widespread public interest, without cheap decoys or facile snobbery. Peñalba and his young companions hope next to extend the influence of the school to the realm of popular art and folklore.

Now for a close-up of some of the young painters who are producing the new Nicaraguan art. Omar de León's delicate frame and smooth, entertaining manner conceal his artistic restlessness. With his poetic use of color and his sense of rhythm and composition, this youth is the most pleasant of all the Nicaraguan painters. As someone has said, he becomes enraptured with Nicaragua's brightness and lacustrine placidity, ignoring its harsher side. He avoids drama. His attitude toward nature is that of a liberator; he simplifies its planes, frees its colors from density, rejects its laws, and, discreetly following the attractive and dangerous course of the French "Fauves," strays further and further from objectivity, concentrating more and more on forms and images. Omar de León is very young; more than a man of experience, he is an experimenter. He recently left for the United States, his Nicaraguan origin in conflict with the influences and temptations of artistic dehumanization. It is Peñalba's problem reappearing, but without the anguish. For Omar paints exclusively with his senses. In pure expectation.

By contrast, thin, dark, reticent Francisco Pérez Carrillo carries a storm within him. He makes drawing the basis of his work (unlike Omar de León, who avoids or hides it). His pencil and palette concentrate on the human figure as he tries to transmit the hopes and emotions of his people and his land through dramatic anatomical sketches and harsh, vernacular coloring. Born of a humble rural family on Ometepe Island in Lake Nicaragua, he has the physical characteristics and the solemn countenance of the Nahuatl race, whose members still dwell in that beautiful spot, with its two majestic volcanoes, in the very heart of Nicaragua. The native pottery of the island is among the richest in the Americas. Pérez Carrillo appears to be trying to establish a sense of continuity between those amazing stylizations of animals and human figures and his own attempts to express the human drama. Currently he is being violently influenced by the great Mexican painter Orozco (who, in turn, bore the imprint of El Greco and of Byzantine art). At this juncture in his life Pérez Carrillo is still immature but already a fighter, consumed by an inner fire, humbly silent, dissatisfied, sketching day and night, occasionally writing mystery stories and then tearing them up, earning his living at the hardest trades. His type of painting, which seeks to portray the human figure with purely artistic eloquence, is always in danger of falling into melodrama and the style of poster art. When Pérez Carrillo forgets his literary preoccupations and avoids these temptations, he produces his best works, which are profoundly popular, have warm, sunny colors, and are sometimes full of that solitary tenderness of our Indian race. His painting is figurative and telluric. and since he is not following any "ism" (either social or folkloric), he has the freedom and capacity to become the most truly Nicaraguan of our young painters.

Armando Morales has a deeply dramatic temperament like Pérez Carrillo's, but is enriching the new Nicaraguan





Rodrigo Peñalba, leader of Nicaragua's artistic renaissance, painted Ceremonial Dance (left) and Crucifixion (above)



Armando Morales is forceful experimenter. Below: His Table, Chair, and Flowers



painting in an entirely different way. There is the same difference between them as art critics see between Orozco and Tamayo. Morales is not afraid to experiment: he is the most level-headed of our artists and the one who has looked hardest for the essentials of art. He owns a hardware shop, and the hard colors of his bronze and steel merchandise have often appeared in his paintings. Morales walks through the streets of Managua or along the highways outside the capital, and his eyes never stop studying the colors of our land; instead of imitating them. he uses them in creations that are as elements and solid as those of nature itself. He has not exhibited much of his work so far, but in the little we have seen he reveals the high standards he has set for himself. His introduction to the obscure world of the primordial, his contact with the most delicate innovations of form and image, force him to think in rigidly anti-Romantic terms, almost with the scientific rigor of an early Cubist. He is not a Cubist. however, for he is submerged in an undercurrent of Nicaraguan colors and forms, which require of him magic rather than science. Seeing this magical creativeness, he has gone through various stages and experiments, and has now arrived at that perilous borderland where abstract painting becomes concrete and pithy. If there is a vital kernel beneath folklore and popular art, that is the source of inspiration for this serious, imaginative young man, who manages to combine commercial activities behind the counter with creative activities behind the easel.

If we could attend a large popular celebration, such as the procession of the Señor del Rescate or of the Virgen del Viejo, and reproduce on canvas the jubilant shouting. the bright silks, the wild flowers, the gaudy hats and sashes, the birds, we would match Guillermo Rivas Navas' happy fiesta of color. This young painter has learned from Peñalba how to portray the new and powerful world of our people with a restraint that lends elegance to his style. He has the same humanistic feeling as Pérez Carrillo, but is less dramatic and his brush is not as harsh. He derives bold and primitive colors from the local scene. His subjects are street scenes and landscapes, but thanks to his Nicaraguan frugality, he stops short of being a painter of the typical and the picturesque.

Fernando Saravia is always beginning something. He is his own pupil. Rather short of stature, discreet, talkative, imaginative, he picks up his chisel one day and eagerly devotes himself to sculpture; another day he concentrates on weaving. Right now he is enthusiastically studying the secrets of early Indian pottery, but this has not made him lose interest in what can be learned from contemporary culture. Saravia is the most faithful member of the School of Fine Arts. He is always there, doing creative work or making religious figures to earn his daily bread. He's like a lay brother at a strange kind of convent. In the violet afternoons he talks with his friends over a glass of beer, reads, or pores over reproductions. which fill a vital need in view of our shortage of museums and originals.

Jaime Villa has appeared on the scene by a very different route from any of the others. His style of painting is still unpolished and not always free of rhetoric. A self-



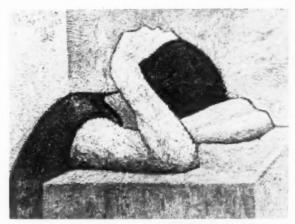
Thickly painted landscape is by Omar Lacayo

Right: Alone, Painter Guillermo Rivas Navas uses bold, flashing colors

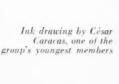




Rhythms, carved in stone by versatile Fernando Saravia



Above: Sleeping Girl by Nahuatl artist Francisco Pérez Carrillo







Asilia Guillén, who painted this view of Lake Nicaragua's shore, became the country's outstanding primitive painter at fifty



Five O'clock Mass, oil by self-taught painter Jaime Villa

taught artist, he has become part of the group through his own efforts. He is impulsive and inclined to be a little careless, but sometimes turns out subtle and moving work. He belongs to the Fine Arts group because, like the rest of its members, he concentrates on Nicaraguan subjects and color.

But the most unusual contribution to the movement comes from Asilia Guillén. This unique woman discovered her artistic vocation at the age of fifty. Peñalba, guiding her natural talent with careful delicacy, made her the most amazing and original primitive painter in Nicaragua. She has frequently been compared with the douanier Rousseau and with many other painters who use this style, but she does not know their work and follows no foreign pattern. Peñalba merely taught her the grammar of the brush. She conceives of nature, the countryside, and life in general in minute, childlike, and vibrant terms, which makes her work spontaneous, primi-

(Continued on page 28)



James G. Blaine



H. Price Haiti



Horacio Guzman Nicaragua



Félix Cipriano C, Zegatra Peru



Fernando Cruz Guatemala



Alberto Nin Uruguay

FIRST CONFERENCE SCRAPBOOK 1889-90

EVEN THE MOST ARDENT ADVOCATES of Pan Americanism may be unaware of the lighter side of the first Inter-American Conference. Now that time has worked its magic, we can laugh at certain aspects that were deadly serious then. The towering stovepipe hats, truly impressive mustachios, and horse-drawn carriages seem delightfully antique; other things smack of the familiar, perhaps more than we care to admit.

Apparently the United States was ripe for rapprochement with its southern neighbors in 1889. On May 7, the editor of the stannelly reliable Harper's Weekly penned a letter to the veteran statesman Carl Schurz soliciting an article. "The very fact that Mr. Blaine is Secretary of State," he wrote, "brings into prominence his pet project of a close alliance between the United States and South and Central American States. Though it is Mr. Blaine who just now gives the subject a special actualite, yet, wholly apart from his connection with it, there

is in the public mind a good deal of interest and forward-looking toward an American Continental Policy, not of a dynastic character, but one binding together all American States with reference to their common interests." Less than six months later delegates from the Western Hemisphere nations assembled in Washington, D. C., to give permanence to Mr. Blaine's "pet project."

Only eighteen of the present twenty-one countries were represented when the Conference opened on October 2 with the somewhat redundant official title of "International American Conference." The Dominican Republic declined the invitation, and neither Panama nor Cuba yet existed as nations. Brazil, of course, was still an empire, under Dom Pedro II, and the adolescent U.S.A. consisted of thirty-eight states (while the Conference was in session North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington were admitted to the Union).

The immediate accomplishments of that initial inter-American gathering may have been modest, but the Conference was not. No sooner had the meeting convened than the delegates were loaded onto an excursion train for a six-thousand-mile, six-week tour of the country. With an eye on growing southern markets, the robust young nation north of the Rio Grande was eager to flex its industrial muscles for the distinguished foreign visitors.

This was no mean project. Travel was still a major undertaking; several of the delegates had had to make two voyages across the Atlantic in order to reach U. S. shores. But enthusiasm ran high over the railroads. One item on the Conference agenda even envisioned a railroad from New York to Buenos Aires—a project that evolved at subsequent conferences into the plan for an inter-American highway. To accommodate the delegates, the Pennsylvania Railroad made up a \$150,000 crack train, consisting of "Locomotive No. 1053" (the first time such a long trip had been attempted with a single engine) and six shiny new Pullman cars. Such elegance provoked

José S. Decoud Paraguay



J. G. do Amaral Valente Brazil



Salvador de Mendonça Brasil



Jerônimo Zelaya Honduras



Matias Romero Mexico



Enrique A. Mexia , Mexico





Manuel Aragón Costa Rica



Manuel Quintana Argentina



Roque Saenz-Peña Argentina



Clímaco Calderón Colombia



Carlos Martínez Silva Colombia



José M. Hurtado Colombia

Photos of delegates on these pages by Matthew Brady. William Curtis became first director of PAU's ancestor organization. Right: Delegates' excursion through U.S.A. made headlines everywhere



Their Vicit to the Instanc Asplura.

All Hearts, Hands depend to the Congress, and Homes Are a Men of the Congress, and Homes Are a Men of the Congress, and Homes Are a Men of the Congress, and Wise and Kind Words the Cor the the Congress of t



Charles R. Flint U.S.A.



José Andrade Venezuela



N. Bolet Peraza Venezuela



Andrew Carnegie U.S.A.



ey. "Rich upholstery and

admiration throughout the journey. "Rich upholstery and magnificent drapery from the looms of the Union," ran one lyrical contemporary account, "stalwart oak from the forests of North America, glistening rosewood from the banks of the Amazon, mirror-like mahogany from the sunny lands of Central America, and velvety satinwood from the valleys of the Himalayas had all been brought into requisition by the decorator and finisher. . . . Movable electric bulbs were fitted in each berth, so that one could dispose his light to suit his convenience."

The train steamed up and down the land, and every city it paused in, from Willimantic, Connecticut, to Sioux City, Iowa, rolled out the red carpet for the dignitaries. At West Point, the visitors listened to a speech by aging General Sherman (who died the following February before they left for home). In Connecticut they toured the Collins factory, the home of the machetes so widely used in Latin America. At Hartford they met Mark Twain ("The humorist's response was so inimitably funny," according to one account, "that no one reported any of the witticisms"). In Boston they visited the English high school, "the most expensive and complete public school building in the world." South Bend merchants put on an exposition at the Studebaker wagon factory, displaying products from the town's seventy manufacturing enterprises-everything from dress stays to complexion revivers. Havoc caused by a fire at Tippecanoe Place, home of U. S. Delegate Clement Studebaker, did not deter him from giving a luncheon in his smoke-blackened mansion, where the sympathetic diplomats toasted him appropriately in cold water.

The Latin Americans were showered with pamphlets and badges and other souvenirs, including such oddities as pocket pincushions with the date of their visit inscribed in silver. Probably the most elaborate gifts were the solid gold watches presented by Elgin.

The banquets and receptions were fantastic. The party at the fashionable Union League Club in New York City

Clement Studebaker Juan Francisco Velarde U.S.A. Bolivia





Emilio C. Varas Chile



José Alfonso Chile



Jacinto Castellanos El Salvador



J. M. P. Caamaño Ecuador



William E. Curtis 1151



John B. Henderson U.S.A.





Washington, D. C., during early nineties, looking down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol from Fifteenth Street

was too much for one commentator. "The ordinary furnishings of the club-house are rich and esthetic." wrote. "but to these had been added more than half a million dollars' worth of statuary, pictures, rugs, and orchids, loaned for the occasion by the millionaires of the metropolis. Any attempt to describe the decorations would necessarily fall short of the facts."

The poor travelers followed an inexorable schedule: "The fourth luncheon for the day was served in the club dining-room [in Louisville] at about 5:30 o'clock. It was really a banquet of the most elaborate description. But few speeches followed the repast, only a limited time being available for elocutionary exercises." Apparently this situation was unique, for everywhere else endless speeches ensued, liberally sprinkled with flowery phrases. "Who shall answer for the mental dyspepsia which may result from this constant diet of ill-digested oratory?" asked one host darkly.

But the genial diplomats bravely accepted their lot. "I have found true that which I have heard," one guest remarked in a graceful little speech of thanks. "that Kentucky deserves the reputation of excelling in three things: your whiskey, your horses, and your women are unequaled. We want you to come and see us in our homes and bring all three along" (great applause).

The Anglo-Americans retaliated with some quips of their own about the southerners' hospitality. "Some years since," said one Milwaukee wit, "several of our Federal officials had occasion to visit the land of the Montezumas. . . . They could look with steady gaze upon 'the wine when it was red.' They had communed with the gentle spirit of the golden barley. They could gather with steady nerve the aroma of the nodding rye. but they fell down directly under the bewitching spell of pulque and mescal. Some of the newspapers called it malaria, a disease quite prevalent, by the way, at Washington, but we knew it was maguey juice and not malaria that ailed them."





William Henry Trescot





John F. Hanson U.S.A. Morris M. Estee U.S.A.

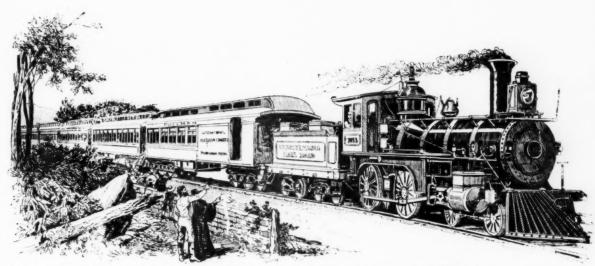








Henry G. Davis



Pride of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which carried delegates on tour of the country. From a photo by M. B. Brady

Entertainment ranged from home talent ("Master Blatchford Kavanagh sang With Verdure Clad") to Winnebago Indian dances, and local fire departments continually turned out to exhibit their agility.

Although there was considerable breast-beating by civic officials, mutual admiration was also rife throughout the trip. "We are not carrying on a courtship with European nations," admitted one candid U. S. statesman. "Our love affair now is with South and Central America . . . and no enemy can prevent our eternal union." "What God has physically joined together," exhorted another. "let no nation break asunder."

There was a familiar warning: "The average North



Pullman washrooms of special train had hot and cold running water

American is quite as ignorant of those countries as their inhabitants are of this," chided the *Indianapolis Journal*, "and if closer relations are to be established it is . . . important for us to study up on [those] states." Now and then a sour note crept in. In Kentucky, the local swains came off second best to the Latin Americans



Dinner is served in the dining car. Woodcut. Papers of that era hired daguerreotypers to take news photos, artists to copy them, then made engravings on wood from the line drawings

on one of the few occasions when the ladies were included. "I saw a gloomy looking citizen of Louisville in a corner of the hotel last night"—wrote the *New York Herald* correspondent in his telegraphed dispatch covering the delegates' visit to Mammoth Cave—"and heard a young lady say to him, 'Never mind, George, they're going away soon, and I'll never see that señor again."

By the time the delegates returned to Washington, they undoubtedly welcomed the opportunity to settle down to the more serious business of forming the association of nations that was to develop into the Organization of American States. When the Conference adjourned on April 19, 1890, no one could deny the truth of a statement by one of the hosts: "Your presence has electrified the nation. No civil event has for many years so engaged the whole people. The merchant in his store, the farmer at the plow, the brawny artisan and even the school-boy who dreams over the maps of the 4hree Americas—all catch inspiration of the new evangel, 'Pan America.'"

—K. W.

The story that I am going is (all has no real ferminal middle, or end. Time is a rich without a course, wantlessly flowing into Eternity, but it may well be that it unexpected reaches of its course out from may shapped to the man current, turning saide into the action amount waters of some quiet inlet, and only God have what may happed to us then. Nevertheless, to get on with the narrative, let us assume that it all began that April afternoon.

It was the first year of the War, and I was trying to avoid reading the newspapers or listening to those who talked of battles, hombardments, and troop movements.

"The Germans will easily break through the Maginot Line," I was assurred one day by the stranger who had taken a seat beside me on a park bench. "In a few weeks they will be masters of Paris." I shook my head and replied, "Impossible. Paris is a city, not in space, but in time. It is a state of mind, and of heart, and as such is inaccessible to the Panzerdivisionen." The man eyed me askance, with a look of amazement and alarm. Well, I am used to being so regarded. A lunatic! That is what my fellow-boarders say of me in the house where I have a rented room with the usual rights to a scanty table and a collective bath. It is only natural they should think so. I am a rather queer fellow, a timid, solitary soul, who sometimes spends hours on end in conversation aloud with himself. "He lives withdrawn in his shell," they say, Perhaps so, but this dim oyster has not even the consolation of having produced, in his solitude, a rare pearl, unless- But I must not get ahead of my story, nor is it for me to judge.

A man of modest needs, what I earn by giving piano lessons in my pupils' homes is sufficient for my support. Moreover, it permits me to buy phonograph records and, now and then, to go to a concert. Nearly every night, after wandering idly and alone through the streets, I retire to my room, start the victrola, and, stretched out on my bed, close my eyes and listen to the last quartets of Beethoven, trying to discover what the old man can have meant by this phrase or that. In my room I have a piano on which I play my own compositions, which I have never had the courage or the need to show to anyone. A poet has said that

Between the idea And the reality

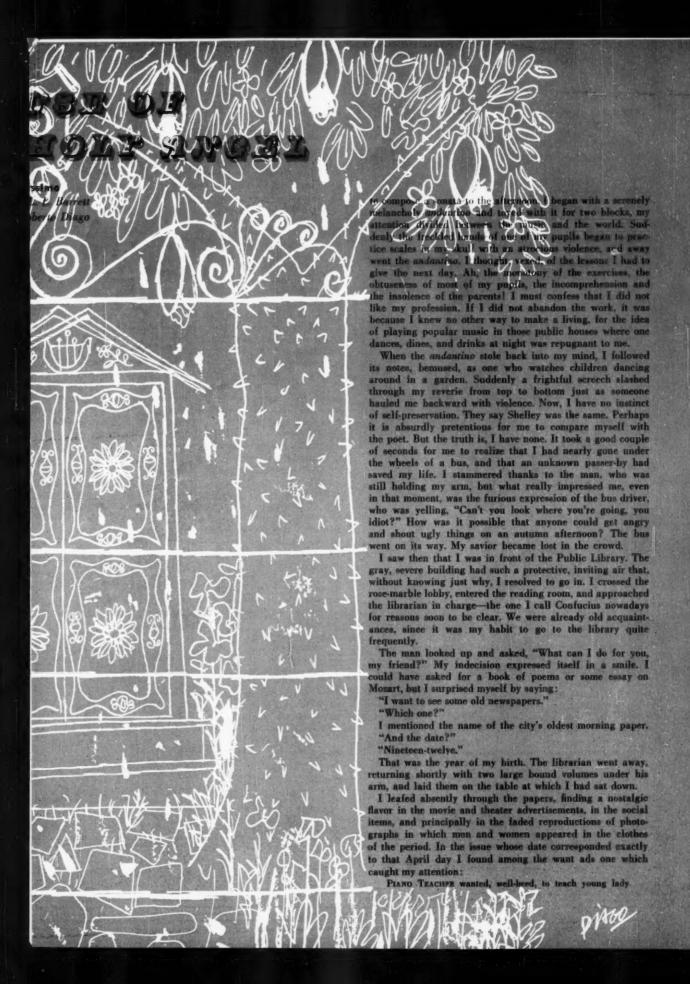
Between the idea And the reality Between the motion And the act Falls the Shadow.

Well, between that shadow and a scarcely glimpsed light of hope I lived, apparently with no other ambition than that of holding to my peace and solitude.

In winter, spring, and summer I feel like an exile, finding my natural climate and habitat only in autumn, the season which envelops people and things in soft lilac. It is as if God had set and lighted the world as a stage for his favorite mysteries, so that at any minute a miracle might occur.

On that April day I wandered through the streets as if walking in my sleep, with the impression that autumn was an opal in which my city was set, with its people, houses, streets, parks, and monuments, very like those tiny ships, made of pieces of colored glass, that prisoners patiently construct, bit by bit, inside bottles. I had a sudden desire

"Readers should bear in mind hier the account one previous reath of ale



with four years' previous instruction. Apply 25 Willow Street (old house with angel in garden).

I could not help smiling. The librarian came over.

"What have you discovered that seems so interesting?"

I showed him the advertisement. He mounted his spectacles on his nose, bent over the table, and read.

"Listen," I said in a low voice. "Twenty-eight years ago, in a house on Willow Street, a young lady waited for her piano teacher. I wonder whether he turned up. I wonder what ever happened to that young lady."

The librarian shrugged.

"Probably she got fat, grew old, became a grandmother— Or died."

"Don't be such a pessimist! Imagine something different: time has not passed and the girl is still there, waiting—"

"Oh, imagine I was born in China centuries ago and that my name is Confucius!"

"And why not?"

The librarian uttered a laugh, a muted laugh as befitted the place and time. I picked up my hat and left. The phrases of the advertisement sounded in my mind like the childish melody of a music box.

I discovered that Willow Street, which I reached just at dusk, now bore the name of a leader of three revolutions and ran through one of those districts laid waste by the latest city-planning project. The old dwellings had been torn down to make way for modern apartment houses. I could see no willow or anything else even faintly suggestive of the possibility that a house like the one in the advertisement might have survived. I walked on slowly to the rhythm of my thoughts, once more concentrated on the andantino. The thunder of traffic had faded to such a degree that it was now hardly more than a distant hum. Street lamps were still unlighted along the deserted sidewalks. I could no longer hear the sound of my own footsteps: it was as if I were treading on the fallen fibers of the kapok tree. The street was bathed in a milky fog of purplish iridescence which seemed to deform all images, and I had the impression of being at the bottom of the sea, like a forgetful diver who cannot imagine why he has descended to the depths.

When I again became aware of reality. I found myself standing before an old iron gate, on the upper part of which was a plate with the number 25. Spying through the grating, I saw, at the back of a garden, squeezed between two enormous apartment houses, a colonial home with a whitewashed façade and blue shutters. A few steps from its main door, under a flowering kapok tree, was the melancholy figure of a bronze angel, seated on a stone in the attitude of Rodin's Penseur. The angel! An indescribable content filled me then, a sort of pride in verifying that there was still someone in the world who prized the past and resisted the temptation of money, refusing to sell his property to the insatiable builders of skyscrapers.

I opened the gate, crossed the crepuscular garden, caressed the patinated head of the melancholy angel, went up to the door, and knocked. My heart was beating irregularly. Why was I doing this? What right had I? What was my purpose? What would I say if someone should come to the door?

Overwhelmed by a sudden fright, I was about to turn and flee when the door was opened, and in the shadows of the hall I made out the form of a woman.

A neutral voice reached my ear:

"What do you want, sir?"

The reply that occurred to me in the confusion of the moment seemed senseless to me then, but now I know that it was the right one, the most natural, the only one.

"Is this where a piano teacher is wanted?"

There was a brief hesitation on the woman's part. "It is. Please come in, and I'll go tell the mistress."

She showed me into a drawing room illuminated by a lamp on whose globe of white, frosted glass was painted a yellow butterfly between two bunches of flowers. I looked around. It was one of those parlors much in vogue in the last decade of the past century, with its furniture of carved jacaranda and wine-colored upholstery, the sofa and chairs with rollers on their feet. In one corner stood the dark bulk of the piano, upon which bric-a-brac was aligned on crocheted doilies. On the walls were pictures, portraits of bygone people. The atmosphere was warmed by so inviting an intimacy, by such a suggestion of human comfort, that for the first time in all my life I felt completely at home in an environment. I was so absorbed in the pleasure of the place and the moment that I did not even notice the entrance of the mistress of the house.

"Good evening," she said. "You are a piano teacher, then?"

Her voice, like her countenance, was a curious combination of gentleness and determination. I took the hand she extended. She indicated a chair. I sat down and only then perceived that I had before me a graying lady dressed exactly like my mother in that portrait, taken early in 1913, which is in my family album: a white blouse with a high lace gorget and a very narrow waist, and a dark full skirt with its hem almost sweeping the floor. Her coiffure reminded me of the "Gibson girls" which used to appear in the magazine illustrations of my boyhood.

"What is your name?"

I told her.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"So young? I expected an older teacher-"

"If you prefer me to age," I said with a smile, "I can go away and return in twenty years."

Her laugh was sonorous, and I feared that its vibrations might break the spell. Yes, because I felt that something marvelous was happening to me, I did not understand why or how, I knew only that I had found a home, a shelter. It may seem silly, but it was as if I had gone back, by some miracle, to my mother's womb.



The lady's face again became serious.

"I am going to be quite frank with you, as is my habit. I am a widow, I live alone in this old house with my daughter, and I thoroughly disapprove of certain liberties of modern life. Have you read of the foolish things those so-called suffragettes are doing?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"Well, in my opinion," she continued, "woman was made for the home and not to vote and go around dressed like men. My daughter is a young lady brought up in the oldfashioned way. That is why I am looking for a respectable and respectful teacher for her. Speaking of that, do you have some certificate or letter of recommendation?"

"Not here with me. But if you wish, I can bring it another day."

"Do so. Now let us go on to another matter. What is your fee?"

"Whatever you say-"

"We paid thirty a month to the last teacher. He came twice a week."

"Why, thirty is quite satisfactory."

"When can you begin?"

"Let's see." I murmured, taking out my fountain pen and notebook. "What day is tomorrow?"

"The twenty-ninth."

"Of April?"

"Of course."

I could feel my heart stop as I asked:

"What year?"

The lady frowned.

"My dear sir! Can it be that you don't know this is 1912?"

"Forgive me. I am a little absent-minded."

"I do not care much for absent-minded people. And if you will permit an observation of a personal nature, I do not like the extraordinary way you dress. The character of a man is revealed by his clothes."

For some instants her dark eyes appraised me with an intensity not devoid of liking.

"Very well. Your face inspires confidence. After all, it is not a question of marriage. If I find you unsuitable, I shall tell you so frankly. But let us see what days and hours you have free."

I examined my schedule, without, however, really taking in its indications, for the names, days and hours spoke of a world and a time that I did not like and which now were dead to me and nearly forgotten.

As my indecision was growing overlong, the mistress of the house helped me with a suggestion. Couldn't I give the lessons on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from five to six o'clock in the evening?

"Perfect!" I exclaimed automatically.

There was a short silence, and then she called, "Adriana!"
Adriana came in dressed all in white. She was, at most, twenty, and resembled—I sensed it immediately!—the mysterious woman that visited my dreams, and whose face I

had never succeeded in seeing clearly. The presence of that strange apparition used to make itself felt, at times incorporate in a white feminine silhouette, at times in the form of a melody which I vainly sought to capture. In more than one dream I had set out in pursuit of that phantom, across mountains, meadows, forests, and waters. Now there she stood before me, within reach of my hand. The lamplight struck full on Adriana's face. And when she looked at me with her eyes of humid seaweed green, the diver at last realized why he had descended to the depths of the sea. The joy of the discovery was transformed into music in my mind. It was a broad phrase, clear and impetuous as a bird's flight or as a silver arrow sped against the sun.

That melody accompanied me as I left the house of the melancholy angel and crossed the garden murmuring to myself. "What has happened is impossible, yet I need give explanations to no one, not even to myself. It is enough that I believe. And I do believe—oh, how I believe!"

In a mild daze I set out along the street. Night had fallen completely. Streetcars rumbled past, automobiles with glaring headlights roared along the asphalt, shop windows spread their livid fluorescent light over the sidewalks thronged with passers-by, and I walked among those creatures, noises and lights carrying my dream with the tremulous, fearful care of one who bears in his hands a crystal rare and fragile, which the slightest touch may shiver into bits.

I quickened my step and took refuge in my room, the better to protect my memories against the brutality of the city night. Sitting down at the piano, I began to develop the theme suggested by Adriana's presence. I forgot the abyss, the shadow, time and the world. Day was just breaking when I finished putting on paper the first movement of a sonata. I threw myself on the bed so exhausted that I fell asleep instantly. When I awoke, the sun was at its zenith. The events of the day before came to my mind and I said to myself, "It was all a dream." But no! I found on my night table the ruled paper with the first movement of the sonata. I leaped from the bed, snatched up my notebook, opened it, and read: "Tuesdays and Thursdays, lessons for Adriana, 25 Willow Street, from five to six." Today is Tuesday! I discovered joyfully. I shaved in nervous haste, dressed and went out. On the stairs I met the landlady, who scolded me: "The other boarders are furious. You hammered on the piano all night long. You can't do that!

"I can't do that," I repeated mechanically. When I reached the sidewalk, an anguishing doubt assailed me. Suppose I could never again find the house of the melancholy angel? My first impulse was to run to Willow Street. I restrained myself. It was better to wait for the hour of the first lesson.

That afternoon I gave scant attention to my teaching. Shortly before five, without the slightest explanation. I left a pupil in the middle of a Chopin étude and started out for Willow Street. When I caught sight of the two sky-

(Continued on page 42)



NICARAGUA'S NEW ARTISTS (Continued from page 19)

tive, and authentically popular. Her artistic viewpoints are as poetic as her own ingenuousness. She has the "eye of a bird," and arranges her compositions as if she were flying through space in a child's dream, as if she were the aerial character in Marc Chagall's *The Birthday*, as if she lived in the air. Asilia Guillén exhibits her work regularly, and year after year surprises everyone with her small pictures, merry with color and "stories," and with her lovely embroidery on silk, which would bring her fame and high prices on artistic markets more highly developed than those of Nicaragua. Despite her years, or perhaps because of them (you need only know her to say this), her painting could be entitled: Asilia Guillén or Innocence.

Finally, I must mention one of the school's latest discoveries—César Caracas, tall, dark, hard-working, still in the carefree twenties. His drawing shows imagination and expressive force, but he has not yet found his personality as a painter. His ink sketches and ambitious crayon drafts for murals reveal a mastery of the human figure and a strange sense of power beyond his years. But when he tries to paint in color, his inexperience shows up. César Caracas is a bold promise.

In general, Nicaraguan painting cannot deny kinship with Mexico's. Perhaps the greatest concern of all the

Sculpture teacher Fernando Saravia gives a U.S. woman student some advice in modeling class



Director Peñalba (top left) supervises drawing class at Fine Arts School, Artist in left foreground is César Caracas



young Nicaraguan artists (with the exception of Peñalba and Omar de León) is to revolt against or defend themselves from the enormous pressure of Mexican art. But this in itself is a mark of influence. And this is inevitable, for a Nicaraguan is a southern version of a Mexican. Our mode of life is less buried in the abysmal and more Mediterranean and cosmopolitan. Not so rich in native resources, but broader in outlook and more adventurous. One must examine the whole range between Rubén Darío and José Clemente Orozco to discover the key to the message of this umbilical Central American country, a message that these promising young painters are trying to express with their brushes "through the honesty and simplicity of their artistic techniques," as Vivanco put it.

The annual exhibitions of students' work in Nicaragua. the one-man shows of the young painters, the formation of the Gallery of Reproductions with its magnificent examples of classical, impressionistic, and modern art, have all helped develop a better understanding of universal art among the general public, which is bound to encourage the appearance of new artists. This year the School of Fine Arts, in cooperation with the National Tourist Bureau, will offer summer courses for students from other countries, especially the United States. They will have a chance to paint Nicaraguan sites and landscapes and to take, among other subjects, a course on South American literature taught by our well-known writer José Coronel Urtecho. This opportunity for Nicaraguan painters to associate with their contemporaries from abroad and the recent creation of twenty scholarships to enable young people from the interior of the country to study at the School of Fine Arts give promise of a fertile period ahead for the School and for Nicaraguan painting in general. . .

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During his trip to Washington to coordinate plans for the Tenth Inter-American Conference, of which he is Secretary General, the prominent Venezuelan lawyer Dr. Ernesto Vallenilla Díaz (left) was honored at a luncheon given at the Pan American Union by the members of the OAS Council. He is shown with OAS Council Chairman Dr. Héctor David Castro of El Salvador, Ambassador to the United States and the OAS.



To gather information on Latin American housing, Mr. Máximo Servetti Cordero (center) of the Uruguayan Banco Hipotecario paid a visit to the PAU division of housing and planning during his recent stay in Washington. There he had an opportunity to talk over the matter with his fellow countryman Guillermo Costa Valles (right), program specialist in the division, and Anatole A. Solow, chief.



At the opening of her recent exhibition of paintings at the Pan American Union, artist Bibí Zogbé (second from left) chatted with her sponsors, OAS Ambassador José Carlos Vittone of Argentina (left) and Mrs. Vittone, and with Dr. José T. Barón, Interim Representative of Cuba on the OAS Council. Born in Lebanon, Mrs. Zogbé has lived in Argentina for twenty years and is now a citizen. Noted for her depiction of flora, she began to study art in Buenos Aires and her first show was held there in 1934. Shortly afterward, she added to her experience by traveling for a year in Africa. Her work is found in art museums in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Beirut, and Dakar.



When Mrs. Amalia de Castillo Ledón of Mexico (fourth from right) retired as Chairman of the Inter-American Commission of Women, a reception in her honor was given by the IACW delegates and staff members. Pictured with her are (from left) Mrs. Leonor Fussell; Miss Joanne Waring; Miss Nelly Galarza; Mrs. Piedad Levi de Suro, Alternate Delegate from Ecuador; Mrs. Esther Neira de Calvo, Executive Secretary of the IACW; Mrs. Anita Sandelmann; Miss Gloriela Calvo, Panamanian delegate; Dr. Charles G. Fenwick, Director of the PAU International Law Department; and Costa Rican delegate Mrs. Angela Acuña de Chacón, Mrs. Castillo Ledón, who will be succeeded in the post by Mrs. María Concepción Leyes de Chaves of Paraguay, will leave soon for Stockholm to take up her duties as the new Mexican Minister to Sweden.

The executive committee of the Inter-American Bar Association met recently at the Pan American Union to greet its new president, Dr. José Barbosa de Almeida (center), who also heads the Instituto dos Advogados of São Paulo, Brazil. Decisions were made at this time on the agenda for the coming meeting of the Association in São Paulo beginning March 15. Practically every phase of law will be taken up, including legal education and documentation.



KEY TO CARACAS

(Continued from page 8)

corner, a church in the next block, and the Plaza Bolívar within sight.

But after 1936 developments took on a dizzying pace. The old city of red roofs was rapidly converted into a modern metropolis, breaking through its colonial dimensions with the speed of flood waters. To the south, east, and west the growing sea of houses spilled over the river and gorges, pre-empted the space once occupied by swamps and plantations, incorporated and submerged hitherto separate villages like Chacao, Baruta, Dos Caminos, and El Valle, and spread up the hills. People changed their minds about living downtown; those who could afford it moved to the new districts and left the old city to commercial enterprises, theaters, and government offices. Handsomely landscaped residences multiplied in the outlying areas.

So the city gradually became decentralized. Colonialstyle houses gave way to modern two-story dwellings. with outside gardens instead of patios. Along with the architecture, the way of life changed. To the east, at the foot of El Avila, the parks, avenues, trees, flowers, and green lawns of the new residential sections extended from the boundaries of the old city through the districts of San Bernardino and Los Caobos to the eastern end of the valley. Here the old sugar plantation of the Ibarra family, where Bolivar rested during his last visit to his native city in 1827, was transformed into a university city. From the hill where the Liberator contemplated the rustic countryside one now sees the tall, gleaming buildings of the university, in which the Tenth Inter-American Conference will be held. Bolivar had called the Congress of Panama only the year before, and perhaps as he stood on that hill he thought about his dream of uniting the whole New World. But he could not possibly have foreseen that huge structures would one day rise on that peaceful farmland or that delegates from all the American countries would meet there to deliberate on ways of perfecting the inter-American system.

For a while it looked as though there would be two distinct cities-the old Caracas with its narrow streets and traditional structures where the capital's business was carried on, and the new residential districts with an entirely different way of life. But this situation didn't last long. The businesses, theaters, and government offices began to expand eastward, and at the same time the old city took on a new look. The first three-story buildings stuck their heads up incongruously, like giraffes amid a herd of horses. A breeding ground of disease, prostitution, and vice had formed like an ulcer in the middle of the city. Drunks filed through its narrow streets to the accompaniment of shrill phonograph music. Frail women stared out of miserable hovels with feverish eyes. Quarrelsome shouting emerged from the saloons. In 1942 the Government decided to tear down that cavernous quarter, ironically called El Silencio, and in its place rose a model housing project, with stores, playgrounds, and seven blocks of apartments. This was the first projection of the modern city into the old section. The transformed



Traffic traps like this one in the old section of the city contrast sharply with the broad new arteries



Despite infiltration of telephone poles, San José hill in the San Juan district preserves its colonial flavor



Inner courtyards of El Silencio housing project, which replaced one of the city's worst slums, provide a safe place to play



Capital's bicycle race course. Some of the makeshift homes that hug the hillsides around the booming city are visible in the background

El Silencio now stands near one end of Avenida Bolívar, main thoroughfare of the new Caracas.

Many of the old one-story houses were razed to make room for this avenue. Jagged walls, the trees of old patios bared to the view of passersby, and segments of wallpapered partitions stare into the wide gap, as the broad, flat thoroughfare follows its inalterable course. At its head stand large, smooth-surfaced skyscrapers. Two twenty-eight-story towers rise like totem poles invoking the gods of the future. Beneath are subterranean expressways, shops, parking lots, and tunnels at various levels. Other avenues—Este 1, Andrés Bello, Francisco de Miranda, Nueva Granada, Roosevelt, and the eastern superhighway—knife their way across the ravines to form a whole new system of arteries.

In the hills around Caracas lies a necklace of hamlets, with thousands of flimsy dwellings hastily thrown up to accommodate provincials lured from the interior by the splendor of the capital. Steep roads are bordered by rustic huts and country stores. At night the lights on the hills sparkle like constellations. These villages are a kind of waiting room that rural families must pass through before being assimilated into the urban life in the valley below. In the evening the city opens before them like a crater of temptation. The street lights outline the avenues: the multicolored signs flash on and off: the windows of the skyscrapers are thousands of beckoning because

The city's growth has been spectacular. In fifteen years the population multiplied more than five times. jumping from 163,000 in 1936 to 359,000 in 1941 to 718,000 in 1951. The built-up area expanded from 1,339 acres in 1936 to 11.332 in 1951. Fifty thousand automobiles, almost all new and luxurious, clog the streets. More than sixty thousand stores display products from all over the world in their showcases: English china. U.S. radios. French silks and perfumes. German tovs. Belgian lace, Russian caviar, Danish silverware, Spanish mantillas. There are fruits and other delicacies from everywhere—Norwegian herrings, Málaga grapes, Oxford marmalades, U.S. cornflakes, Mexican chili, Brazilian almonds. Perigord goose liver. In Caracas you find the best wines and liquors, the most up-to-date furniture, the last word in television sets, radios, refrigerators, stoves, water heaters, air-conditioning units. and automobiles. Shoppers can roam through big department stores like Sears Roebuck or look over the newest Paris fashions in the exclusive Christian Dior showroom.

No matter how expensive things are in this fabulous capital of a wealthy country, there are always people who can buy them. There is a lot of truth in the comment that the only thing that's cheap in Caracas is the dollar. With cheap and abundant dollars the *caraqueños* have made of their city a huge, universal bazaar, where you can acquire anything you want if you have the money to pay for it.

Not only the finest products but also the best entertainment is brought to Caracas. During a recent season it was possible to visit an amusement park modeled on Coney Island, see the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, hear Stravinsky conduct the Venezuelan Symphony Orchestra, attend a series of soccer games between the leading teams of Spain, Brazil, Italy, and Argentina, and watch the top bullfighters of the Spanish-speaking world in action. There is also plenty of night life. Typical Cuban, Mexican, Brazilian, and Venezuelan orchestras hold forth at the innumerable dance halls and night clubs. The most popular rumba dancers, the most glamorous show girls perform on the glittering stages.

A taste for gambling and the lure of quick wealth are inevitably found in such an atmosphere. Bets totaling nearly a million dollars pile up each week at the national race track. Hundreds of thousands of gamblers stake their money and impatiently await the outcome. When some humble worker or housewife or minor oil company employee wins a million bolívares on a small bet, the entire country rejoices.

But its gaiety is only one aspect of Caracas. It is also a city that has kept faith with its history, a city where many able men have worked constantly to preserve the legacy of tradition. It boasts top-flight musicians, poets, novelists, artists, architects, and is producing new generations of technical men eager to serve their rapidly changing country. Caracas is undoubtedly one of the most favored Spanish American cities from the standpoint of money and diversions; but it is also one of the richest in citizens who concern themselves with their country's cultural, economic, and social problems.

In the past, as Andrés Bello put it, it was the city that "gave many leaders to the sacred struggle." The National Anthem, written during the war for independence, urges the people to "follow the example that Caracas set." and throughout its history Venezuela has obeyed this injunction. Caracas has always set the norms and shaped the thinking of the nation. It did so when it was little more than a village where everyone knew everyone else. And it is still doing so today as it grows into a great cosmopolitan center inhabited by men of all races and tongues, a place into which the manifold fruits of modern civilization are being poured, as if from a symbolic cornucopia.

Caracas was a parent city in the history of Spanish America, and there is no reason to believe that its powers of generation have been exhausted. Its appearance is changing and will continue to change. But its innate charm endures, providing an unbroken thread that ties it to the past.

Answers to Quiz on page 47

- 1. José Martí
- 2. Dr. Carlos Finlay
- Neighborhood conga dance teams
- In shade (under cheesecloth); western part (Pinar del Río Province)
- His interpretation of black magic
- 6. Lino Novás Calvo
- 7. Sugar cane
- 8. Morro Castle
- 9. Kenaf
- 10. Pineapple

points of view





INSIDE THE UNITED STATES

This interpretation of the U.S. people and their handiwork was offered recently at the Colombian-American Center in Bogotá by journalist Hernando Téllez. The lecture was reproduced in full in the Sunday literary section of the newspaper El Tiempo:

"I find it difficult to talk about the United States after only a short visit. Yet in a way we Latin Americans are justified in making quick judgments, considering the hasty trips some U.S. officials make around our countries to collect material for a 'complete' report to the Secretary of State or the President. True, you can get acquainted with Bogotá or Lima or Quito in one wellspent day, while you need a lifetime to really know New York. And New York, we are told by supposedly discerning people, 'is not the United States.' This statement irritates me because I consider it completely false. New York is the United States. It is truly representative of the country because it is the most vigorous expression of its personality. It is the North Americans' masterpiece. It is inimitable because it is the fruit of a way of life. of a historical process, of a special concept of progress, civilization, and culture. . . . Nevertheless, many North Americans persist in making excuses

for it. 'Don't be fooled by this giant,' they caution us. 'We also have some dwarfs that won't startle you, some small cities and hamlets like yours.... New York is a mistake we hope you will overlook. Chicago too. And Detroit. Instead, see Washington, Boston, the little towns of New England, the places the tourists don't reach. That is where you will find the real United States.'...

"The reasons why this widely held opinion is wrong are deeply rooted in history. The British colonizers who founded branches of London companies in North America, killing off any Indians who happened to get in their way, had no intention of creating a nation completely different from the one they had left. But history, as Spengler so rightly said, happens not by plan but by accident. It's an adventure that is beyond the control of men. The colonists had no idea how the country they were establishing would develop. Nor could they know what their children or their children's children would be like. A few Englishmen, Dutchmen, Africans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards arrived, and later many Italians, Germans, Scandinavians, and Poles poured in. . . . Eventually, this wide variety was bound to produce a distinctive type of man, the fruit of

racial mixtures and of the physical and social environment. A type set apart not by his blood or the shape of his head or the color of his hair or the size of his nose, but by his outlook on life.

"This outlook made him peculiarly suited for carrying forward the development of capitalism or capitalistic democracy or bourgeois liberalism—all names for the same economic, political, social, cultural, scientific, and technical phenomenon. Otherwise, he would not be the leader of the Western world today. The huge territory of the United States would have been divided into small nations, and the racial and psychological synthesis would never have been matched by a geographic and cultural one. . . .

"But capitalistic civilization had to expand and the United States was the place where conditions were right. History chooses its own stage. And naturally the nation fated to carry capitalism to its greatest heights is symbolized not by the horse and buggy that drives you through Central Park for five dollars an hour, but by the subway train that carries masses of humanity beneath the waters of the Hudson River: not by the classic calm of Arlington Cemetery but by the hustle and bustle of Times Square; not by the Pickwickian old cobbler who repaired my shoes by hand on West 157th but by the strictly un-Pickwickian worker in a Ford plant; not by Uncle Tom's cabin but by Rockefeller Center. . . . It is absurd to claim that mass production. chains of newspapers, stores, and hotels, tremendous apartment buildings, skyscrapers, industrial trusts, and big cities are not authentic expressions of the U.S. way of life. . . . The picture of the United States we get from the travelers who close their eyes in horror before the monumental, the anonymous, the collective, is completely ingenuous and false. Not because the whole country is like New York, but because they forget that U.S. life is deeply impregnated with social, moral, and intellectual concepts that grew out of its role in the history of capitalistic civiliza-

"Right now the capitalistic system is gradually changing to meet historical exigencies. You know, for example, that the worst thing one can do in the United States today is to be rich. At the same time a Waldorf Astoria bellhop's standard of living is going up. high taxes are forcing Nelson Rockefeller's down. Of course, no one expects that Rockefeller will wind up standing on some corner in the Bowery begging us Latin American tourists to slip him ten cents behind the policeman's back. But nowadays he and all his economic peers must turn over their excess profits to the government, making for a more even distribution of wealth. . . .

"So if you ask me, as I asked myself while walking through the streets of New York, what is happening in the United States in addition to the successive divorces of Rita Hayworth, the answer is this: the individualistic system is being transformed into a collective one, not by force or revolutionary violence, but spontaneously. . . .

"With the growth of industrialization and mass production, the middle and laboring classes, whose economic, cultural, and social levels are virtually the same, acquired a collective power that is almost unique in the history of the world. And the capitalistic system had to adjust itself to that power. Could a non-collective way of life and social organization have developed where there were such huge anonymous concentrations of workers? Of course not. . . . Those with individualistic illusions need only walk the streets of any U.S. city or small town on a Sunday afternoon. . . . For all its actual and potential Cinderellas and Madame Bovarys, the United States is a paradise of the middle and working classes. which have an identical philosophy of success and believe in the same social mythology. That's why wealthy Colombians, for example, don't adjust very well there. They find themselves looking just like everyone else, wearing the same kind of suits, shoes, and hats as the taxi drivers—and the drivers hold more social power. This anonymous equality unnerves and humiliates the rich visitors, and they are anxious to go back where people recognize them and point them out. . . .

"When my friends ask me what I like best about the United States, I always reply: the people. And I mean both the men and the women (when I sav I like the French, I am speaking primarily of the women). As their foreign -From Revista da Semana, Rio de Janeiro

policy proves, the people of the United States are without malice. Despite his country's power, the North American lacks the unbearable vanity of certain Europeans. He is direct, unsophisticated, and simple, . . . He proceeds in love as in business-when there are signs of failure, he dissolves the association and looks for a new partner. He knows how to lose and how to win. Although conscious of his country's significance as a political power, as the world's treasury, as the synthesis and culmination of capitalistic civilization, he hides his strength and his pride in the superb creations of his hands and his head. . . . The average North American seems almost apologetic that things have come out so well for his civilization and his culture. . . .

"Of course, generalizations like these leave out the exceptions and the darker side of the picture. But I don't think I have exaggerated the basic characteristics of the North American people. I should also mention the sense of order. organization, and efficiency that inevitably accompanies technical development and specialization. If an overdose of the latter has had an unfortunate effect on culture, it should be remembered that the hour in which the United States emerged as a nation obliged it to concentrate first on producing technicians and specialists. Only after the social structure was formed did philos-



ophy and the arts begin to flourish. This is not at all surprising. The Greek philosophers did not appear until after the soldiers, the founders of cities, the creators of peoples and societies had done their work. . . .

"Moreover, it should be remembered that education and culture in the United States are not, as in so many other places, the exclusive right of the upper class. . . . And Europeans, who used to look down their noses at the educational and cultural experiments of the young country, are now studying its schools, universities, museums, and libraries with respect and envy. . . .

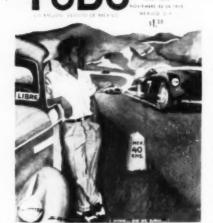
MEN OF THE JUNGLE

IN A RECENT ISSUE OF Folklore, a monthly review published in Lima, Peruvian ethnologist P. Pawlik set down some of his ideas about the montaña region in eastern Peru, which occupies 60 per cent of the entire country:

"Our ignorance of the Peruvian end of the Amazon Valley and its almost impenetrable jungles is undeniable. But it cannot be said to stem from an indifference to that immense region of 'mystery and danger.' It's just that those who have tried to describe it have emphasized only the mysterious aspects, creating the impression that this largest section of our national territory is a great distance away. It was the notion that it could be reached only at the cost of unspeakable difficulties that kept it in the realm of legend for most people, although it always fired the imagination of the adventurous and stout-hearted.

"The majority of Peruvians are fascinated by the visible prosperity in the coastal region and the promise of well-being for less effort than would be required on the other side of the Andes. And our anthropologists, dazzled by the well-known splendor of the pre-Columbian coastal and Andean cultures, have occupied themselves almost exclusively with them and with their successors in these areas.

"I'm not trying to say anything new and different about this complex subject, but simply want to remind people that there is another Peru that is appreciated only by the few who have really come to know it . . . although it is an essential factor in giving the



"They're no match for me!" says cab driver on Todo (Mexico City) cover in honor of Pan American Road Race

country a balanced economy. . . . We need firm foundations for planning the future of this region, which must be supplied by the expert forester, the geologist, and the ethnologist. We must interest ourselves, above all, in the jungle resident—not the white settler, but the native or 'savage,' as he is inaccurately called. We must realize that he is the one to count on if we are to make use of the area's economic resources, most of which are as yet undiscovered.

"We ethnologists are studying these people and their way of life because we believe that only by knowing them thoroughly can we learn what can be expected of them in developing the Peruvian montaña. The oft heard opinion that nothing at all can be expected of them is utterly unfounded and usually expressed by a superficial or ill-intentioned observer.

"Having taken many trips through the area and lived for long periods among the members of its various tribes, I can state that these men of the jungle lack nothing but a good education. . . .

"It must not be forgotten that the jungle dweller is a Peruvian too. He is not stupid, just a little behind in his physical and mental development.

"Wherever fate has dealt more kindly with him he has demonstrated his intelligence and developed his natural gifts quite satisfactorily. There have been many examples of these people adapting themselves successfully to civilized life. The fact that for many centuries they suffered from civilization instead of receiving its benefits is the reason why many of them became suspicious, shy, vindictive, cruel. and even opposed to progress and the white man's concept of work. . . .

"The task of redeeming them will not be easy or short; much patience and perseverance will be needed. But this does not mean that we should put off converting them into productive citizens of the nation. For only when this is accomplished will we be able to exploit the real wealth of Peru's Amazonian jungles."

HIGHWAYS TO PROSPERITY

This report on the new roads that are tying together all corners of thickly populated El Salvador comes from the pages of the quarterly bulletin of the Ministry of Public Works:

"The Pan American Highway Congresses have been working toward providing the entire American continent with a rapid. comfortable, and safe network of roads. El Salvador's section of the Pan American Highway has been completed for more than a decade. One hundred seventy-seven miles of magnificent roadway testify to our conscientious efforts to fulfill our international obligations. Nevertheless, within our small country (which is second only to Haiti in population density among all the American republics) we badly need more road building directly related to our agricultural regions and the over-all use of the land. . .

"Nearly all the cultivable land along the coast is planted to our two big export crops: coffee and cotton. Therefore, it is vital to our economy to link these coastal lowlands with the commercial markets of the interior. For many years El Salvador has had to import large quantities of cereals from other Central American countries to

feed its people. Yet despite its small size, this country has reserves of fertile land that can be used to boost our agricultural output. Making use of them is now the goal of a concrete and wellorganized program. . . .

"In 1950 El Salvador had 466 miles of highway (of which 217 were paved) and 18,600 miles of town and city streets. Since then the Ministry of Public Works has completed the leveling of ninety-three additional miles and paved sixty-two miles of new roads, using the best materials and techniques. But its most important project has been the Seacoast Highway. . . . The modern Puente de Oro, or "Golden Bridge," which carries this new route over the Lempa River, has already been opened to traffic. It was built at a cost of six million colones [\$2,400,000]. . . .

"An example of the benefits this new highway will bring is the increased corn and cotton production in the vicinity of the newly completed San Marcos—San Carlos—Los Negros section. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of roads in making use of the fertile reserve lands near the coast, in transporting production machinery to hitherto isolated regions, and, above all, in bringing the benefits of the Lempa River power projects to every region of El Salvador.

"... At the same time that ground is being broken for new stretches, other roads are being paved.... All this has necessitated the construction of many bridges, in addition to the big one on the Seacoast Highway.

"Nearly all the cultivable land along the coast is planted to our two big expert crops; coffee and cotton. There-

"Thus the Government has been following a plan that is directly related to the socio-economic structure of the country and that takes future needs into account. . . . El Salvador is moving forward on its roads to prosperity."



Drama of a visit to a modern-art salon. Revista do Globo, Porto Alegre, Brazil

PROLOGUE TO THE TENTH CONFERENCE

(Continued from page 5)

by voluntary contributions from member states, the directors of the program do not know until almost the beginning of the year how much money will be available for operating projects during that year. This is particularly troublesome with the kind of long-term projects emphasized by the OAS. Uncertainty results in a high turnover of already scarce personnel. If the Conference wants to continue this kind of program, it must find some way to put it on a firmer, more predictable financial basis.

Another topic that may bring out new proposals is the composition and operation of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council itself and its coordination with other international agencies like the UN's Economic Commission for Latin America.

In the social field, the big problem of housing for low-income families will be discussed for the first time at an Inter-American Conference. According to an estimate by a special committee of the Economic and Social Council. nearly twenty million Latin American families require completely new dwellings, and another five million homes need significant repairs. At the same time population growth is adding some 475,000 new families a year. To keep up with that pace and replace the present unsatisfactory housing within thirty years would require building over a million units a year (some 166,000 are going up at present). The cost of such a program would total more than the present annual investment in all kinds of construction in Latin America. The Committee's report suggests a variety of ways to promote housing construction and bring the financing of a new home within the range of low-income groups. Improving existing lending services and tapping new resources, more housing cooperatives and self-help construction to lower costs are some of the methods recommended. Suggestions are also made for expanding and improving inter-American cooperative programs. Chile has advocated a privatelyfinanced inter-American bank to encourage economical housing by establishing conveniently located factories to produce standardized building materials at low cost.

The exodus of workers from rural areas to the cities is in large part a natural result of industrialization, but it complicates the housing shortage in the cities and prevents expansion of agricultural production. A report prepared by the PAU for the Conference traces the contributing factors of poor land distribution, water shortages, and unsanitary conditions in rural areas that aggravate the trend.

Little in the way of specific proposals is ready for consideration in the cultural field, but the PAU will supply the delegates with background information on ways of stepping up cultural cooperation. The projected Cultural Charter of America and certain other measures will be discussed by the Inter-American Cultural Council, which will meet in São Paulo, Brazil, later this year.

To avoid excessive distraction from this heavy program, the Venezuelan Government plans to keep special events during the Conference to a minimum, but of the



Most of the delegates will stay at brand-new Hotel Tamanaco, five minutes from University City by express highway

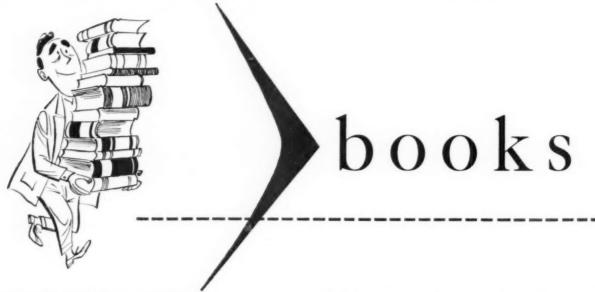


Tamanaco also offers handy recreation in Caracas' invigorating, springlike climate



Students will tread these sheltered walks between University City buildings after the diplomats wind up the Tenth Conference

highest caliber. These will include an exhibition of contemporary art of the Americas. And for those delegates who want to see Venezuela's national wealth at the source, optional trips will be offered to the oil fields and iron mines. When they get through debating the topics described above, plus a few more, such as colonies and occupied territories in America, development of the cooperative movement, and the functioning of the Juridical Committee and the Committee for Cultural Action, they can wind things up by choosing a site for Conference No. 11.



DIAZ CASANUEVA'S "REQUIEM"

Gabriela Mistral

I MARVELED, a few years ago, as I read Humberto Diaz Casanueva's masterly poem Requiem. I had lost track of his progress. Fond of him always, thinking of him in the Central Valley landscape—where I am accustomed to place all my scattered friends—I needed to feel the pulse of his recent work in order to regain the lost contact.

And then one day came the brief, beautiful, magic poem Requiem. I remember I read it at one gulp, then went back over it three times. I knew at once, and still know, that this is one of those poems in our language that will not be destroyed by the rust of time or by the sting of the critic or by the fickleness of the reader. It is a book of high quality, a deeply felt book, a book consummated once and for all, as miracles are consummated, whether in religion or in literature.

I ask friends and strangers whether they know it. Many do not, and although their replies pain me I understand what has happened: poetry editions are almost always small; publishers do not believe that a work in verse will be a matter for wide consumption, deserving a large edition; they think only poets and poetry enthusiasts will read it.

What really happens is this: poetry is seldom reviewed, and even the critics begrudge it time and enthusiasm. And in this case the niggardliness has been worse than unjust and absurd; it has left the public ignorant of a work of high rank.

I have often thought about, without understanding, our people's ignorance of such a profound book. But one day I seized upon the reason: Spanish Americans do not read Greek tragedy, or they have read it once and do not reread it, and this lofty product yields up its juices when it is chewed ten times or—yes!—when it has attacked us and left its searing mark on our breast.

For myself I may say that the pages of the Requiem have been branded in my memory and that they gave me, in the person of their author, a brother with whom I

should have liked to share many things. The slashed landscape of our great cordillera, the pathetic landscape of our southern seas, the reading of certain sacred writings (the penitential psalms of David, for example), and the De Profundis at St. Peter's in Rome—all the uplifting, noble, and pathetic things distributed over the face of the planet I should have liked to see and enjoy with Diaz Casanueva and others like him.

A marvelous poem, a moment of pure grace, as certain sorrows are if we relive them without dying or blaspheming, lucidly and humbly and to the full.

I have been thankful for his song that is sometimes filled with tears and sometimes babbles like a hurt child. But this singer is not a child; he is a virile consciousness crying its suffering, reaching the greatest heights of poetic language.

It is never too late to express thanks for a gift; we must thank, in order to become worthy of the gift and to give our friends some "sign" that says: "Come, stop a moment and listen." Here comes an unfamiliar, archaic voice that belongs to the noblest thing our poor planet has achieved—that is, to Greek tragedy.

The Greeks did not have a son among us. Now they do, and such a matter, even if sorrowful, deserves our presence and our celebrations to open the way. We had "other noble voices," but not this one. We were grateful for other accomplishments, but we seem not to have been aware of this one.

It is a very difficult thing in writing to attain the so-called "sublime tone," to produce the cry and the vigor it demands, and above all to keep clear of false pathos.

It is a matter here of a vertical, not an oblique, ascension. Nevertheless, all men and all women have had the orphan's cry in their breasts when they lost the best and greatest thing on earth—a mother. This, known since the time of the Greeks as "pathetic," no longer "comes off," because of the modern preference for the moderate and normal and the repugnance toward the "torn cry." Diaz Casanueva, a man faithful to himself,

did not have this mean fear. But because of this self-pruning or self-castration our peoples have practiced in regard to tragedy, in Latin America the bloom of many who have the gift for it is fading before its fruition.

So it is that the supreme literary aristocracy represented by tragic drama and poetry hardly appears within the wide limits of our continent. By almost an irony, it is the North Americans who are reviving the so-called "tragedy of daily life" in the theater and the novel before we, children of the Mediterranean, have paid heed to the noble Greco-Latin tradition of tragedy. Far from it—satire or mere farce is beginning to leap onto our stages.

I tell myself and I tell my friends that we owe Diaz Casanueva, an austere and silent man, our lively gratitude. Let this precious book called *Requiem* not lie neglected in the memory of its few readers. If they have read it and did not give it proper attention, let them turn back to it and they will give it the gratitude it deserves.



The commonplace say that tragedy "wore out its welcome" with exaggeration and gesticulation. No such thing. I went not long ago to see *Electra* in Naples. I enjoyed the work and the actors so much that I went back three more times. What a festival that was! And not for the senses alone; it was a shaking off of the roots of the spirit. (I don't say "soul," for the poor thing has been too maimed in little verses and personal letters.) This form has a mission to perform for all the others—not only an artistic but a spiritual mission. As we well know, tragedy in Greece fulfilled the function of catharsis—purging the soul.

As I finish reading Requiem for the fifth time, I tell Diaz Casanueva again: "Thank you!" And more: "God keep you for Latin America, toward which you led that noble, forgotten creature that was ancient tragedy. You thought you were doing no more than singing to your dead mother; but it turns out that you have written a consummate tragic poem. Now we ask you to smooth our path more and more and to burn up our fears and our timidities. There was a strange hole in our Latin American literature, the deplorable lack of the tragic subject

and tone. This revealed a certain banality and poverty in us, an incapacity to survive the rarefied atmosphere of a genre that demands the greatest spiritual excellence. You have filled that void. We are your debtors."

Three Fragments from Requiem *

1

Como un centinela helado pregunto: ¿quién se esconde en el tiempo y me mira?

Algo pasa temblando, algo estremece el follaje de la noche, el sueño errante afina mis sentidos, el oído mortal escucha el quejido del perro de los campos.

Mirad al que empuja el árbol sahumado y se fatiga y derrama blancos cabellos, parece un vivo.

Pero no responde nadie sino mi corazón que tiran reciamente con una larga soga.

Nadie, sino el musgo que sigue creciendo y cubre las puertas.

Tal vez las almas desprendidas anden en busca de moradas nuevas. Pero no hay nadie visible, sino la noche que a menudo entra en el hombre y echa los sellos.

¡Oh, presentimiento como de animal que apun'an! Terrible punzada que me hace ver.

Como en el ciego, lo que está adentro alumbra lo distante, lo vercano y lo distante júntanse coléricos.

Allá muy lejos, en el país de la montaña devoradora, veo unas lloronas de cabelleras trenzadas

que escriben en las altas torres, me son familiares y amorosas, y parece que dijeran

"unamos la sangre aciaga."

¿Hacia dónde caen los ramilletes? ¿por qué componen los atavios de los difuntos?

¿quién enturbia las campanas como si alguien durmiera demasiado?

Aquí me hallo tan solo, las manos terriblemente juntas, como culebras asidas y todo se agranda en torno mío.

¿Acaso he de huir?, ¿tomar la lancha que avanza como el sueño sobre las negras aguas? No es tiempo de huir, sino de leer los signos.

¿Cómo ronda el corpulento que unta la espada! las órdenes horribles sale a cumplir.

De pronto escucho un grito en la noche sagrada, de mi casa lejana, como removidos sus cimientos,

tiene una luz cegada, una cierva herida se arrastra cojeando, sus pechos brillan como lunas, su leche llena el mundo lentamente.

111

¿Puede callar el hombre si está roto por los hados? ¿jactarse de rumiar su polvo? ¿le basta el silencio como un caudal sombrio?

¿No pertenecen los sordos himnos a los vivos de la coraza partida? Aunque las palabras no puedan guiarnos debajo de las piedras porque están llenas de saliva,

(son los carozos que arroja la caravana)

yo he de cantar porque estoy muy triste, tengo miedo y las horas mudas mecen a mi alma.

Yo vuelvo el rostro hacia el lugar donde la sombra cubre a su recién nacida.

Palpo la piedra obscura que junta los labios, la mojan lágrimas y se enciende un poco y tiembla como si todavía quedaran silabas cortadas.

Tú eres y no otra, tú que me estás mirando de todas partes y no me pudiste mirar de cerca,

cuando las gradas de piedra aparecieron.

Vi de lejos el ángel que hendía la montaña,

vi tu corona de sudor rodando por la noche,

tu regazo lleno de hielo.

Ahora estamos de orilla a orilla y te llamo y los árboles se agitan como si fueras a aparecer alumbrada por el cielo.

^{*} Requiem, by Humberto Diaz Casanueva. Mexico City, Cuadernos Americanos, 1944.

Madre, ¿que estás haciendo tan sola en medio del mar?

Y solumente responde mi propio corazón como un bronce vacío. ¿No tienes una cita conmigo? ¿no me dejarás entrar en el valle donde vagabundean las castas y los cuerpos desahogados perseveran?

¿o tal vez no puedo traspasar el umbral porque los muertos se arrojan coronas unos a otros y no me es dado entender los huesos ávidos?

Pero tú sólo estás dormida.

bañada por la luz perpetua del amor

y tu abrasada voluntad vaga entre las cosas terrenas como un coro desvelado que crece y me arrebata cuando te llamo en el silencio.

J.

Ay, solamente allí, en el mudo aposento donde fué bebido el cáliz y rota la envoltura sudorosa y recobrado el lado ciego del tiempo y disueltos los ojos en el fulgor lunar.

solamente alli me dare cuenta.

Desde aquí alcanzo a ver las sillas alineadas para los negros huéspedes.

las ofrendas para aplacar a los mensajeros del que extendió el brazo,

alcanzo a oír los chasquidos y las puertas de plata que se entornan. Y todo allí mismo donde antes en la larga mesa, sin estorbarse, veinte hombres y sus mujeres comulgaban.

Parece que todavía oigo sonar el vino como una ocarina, el canto de las amistades antiguas y los blancos matrimonios

y los dulces besos que henchían la viña

y el padre con su puñadito de risa comiendo la gallina;

alli el sueño de los sencillos germinaba sin miedo

porque tú eras el conjuro

y a través de tu alma

anudábamos nuestros lazos terrestres.

Mi ser melancólico añora el bien perdido. ¡Ay, madre, no te supe amar!

Y todo vuelve a la memoria nublado por el llanto, todo vuelve y rueda al vacío

y un obscuro temor me queda como rastro

y vierto el llanto sobre los despojos.

el llanto del niño que lavará el desierto.

1

Like a startled sentry I ask: Who is hiding in time, watching me? Something passes, trembling, something shakes the foliage of the night, the wandering dream sharpens my senses, the mortal car listens to the moan of the dog of the fields.

Look at the one who is pushing the smoking tree and grows tired and tosses his white hair, he looks alive.

But no one answers except my heart, which is being tugged hard by a long rope.

No one except the moss that keeps growing and covers the doors. Perhaps unattached souls walk in search of new abodes.

But there is no one visible except the night, which often enters into man and fastens the locks.

Oh, foreboding like a cornered animal's! Terrible prick that makes me see.

As, in a blind man, what is within reveals what is distant,

The near and the far join angrily.

Far away, in the land of the devouring mountain, I see some weeping women with braided hair

Writing on the tall towers, they are familiar and affectionate to me, and they seem to be saying,

"Let us mix the sad blood."

Where do the flowers fall? Why do they make shrouds for the dead?

Who jangles the bells as if someone were sleeping too long?

Here I am so alone, my hands terribly joined, like snakes tied together, and everything enlarges around me.

Should I flee, perhaps? Take the boat advancing like a dream over the black waters? It is not a time for fleeing, but for reading the signs. How the fat man goes his rounds anointing the sword! He goes to carry out horrible orders.

Suddenly I hear a cry in the holy night, from my distant house, as if its foundations were torn away,

A blind light comes, a wounded hind drags itself along limping, its breasts gleam like moons, its milk slowly fills the world.

HI

Can a man be silent if he is broken by the fates? Can he boast of chewing his own dust? Is silence like a shadowy stream enough for him?

Do not the stifled hymns belong to the living with the broken armor?

Though words cannot lead us under the stones, for they are full of spittle

(they are the offal thrown away by the caravan),

I must sing because I am very sad, I am afraid, and the dumb hours shake my soul.

I turn my face to where the shadow covers its new-born infant.

I touch the dark stone that joins the lips, it is wet with tears, it burns a little and trembles as if confused syllables still remained to it.

It is you and no one else, you who are watching me from everywhere and could not watch me from close by,

when the stone steps appeared.

I saw far off the angel that cleft the mountain.

I saw your crown of sweat rolling through the night,

Your lap filled with ice.

Now we are on opposite banks, and I call you and the trees quiver as if you were about to appear lighted by the sky.

Mother, what are you doing all alone in the middle of the sea? And only my own heart replies like a hollow bell. Haven't you an appointment with me? Won't you let me come into the valley where the chaste wander and the unencumbered bodies persist?

Or is it, perhaps, that I can't cross the threshold because the dead are tossing crowns to each other and I am not privileged to understand the eager bones?

But you are only asleep,

Bathed in the perpetual light of love,

And your glowing will roams among earthly things like a vigilant choir that grows and carries me off when I call you in the silence.

v

Ah, only there, in the mute chamber where the chalice was drained

And the sweaty swaddling clothes torn and the blind side of time recovered.

And the eyes dissolved in the moon's brilliance,

Only there shall I understand.

From here I can see the chairs lined up for the black guests,

The offerings to appease the messengers of him who extended his arm,

I can hear the creaking and the silver doors half-closing.

And all this where before, around the long table, without crowding, twenty men and their wives communed.

I still seem to hear the wine sounding like an ocarina, the song of old friendships and pure marriages and the sweet kisses that filled the vineyard

And father with a chuckle eating the hen.

The dreams of the guileless sprouted unafraid there

Because you were the incantation

And through your soul

We knotted our earthly bonds.

My melancholy being mourns the good that is lost. O mother, I did not know how to love you!

And everything comes back to memory clouded by weeping,

Comes back and spins in the void

And an obscure fear stays with me as a token

And I cast my sobs on the remains,

A child's sobs that will wash the desert.

THE YOUNG LIBERATOR

Despite all that has been written on Bolivar, there was still a need for José de la Cruz Herrera's Don Simón de Bolivar. Previously only the well-known book by Blanco Fombona had dealt with Bolívar's youth at all, and there was no thorough study of his education, childhood, adolescence, and early adulthood. Cruz Herrera follows the Liberator from his birth in 1783 to the crucial month of July 1812, when as commandant of Puerto Cabello he arrested General Miranda in La Guaira for surrendering to the Spanish chief Monteverde. Then, seeing Monteverde's criminal violations of the surrender agreement, he assumed responsibility for the independence struggle and felt—in the words with which Cruz Herrera closes his book—"the vigorous accolade of the angel that consecrated him Liberator."

In twenty-eight chapters of simple, clear, elegant prose, the distinguished Panamanian author clarifies many points and firmly refutes many hitherto-accepted facts. So the book is, as Dr. Edmundo Gutiérrez says in his preface, "predestined from the start to all the vicissitudes of debate and to the honors of applause, logically enough for a work representing such a notable contribution to the study of history."

Among the contentious details of Bolívar's infancy most energetically attacked by the author is the legend that Father Juan Félix Jerez de Aristeguieta Bolívar, the Liberator's cousin, bequeathed his large fortune to him because he had had a sort of prophetic vision of the child's mission. Actually, Herrera says, what happened was that the priest's mother, sister of Bolívar's father, having lost her other two children, arranged that after the priest's death her property should pass to one of her nephews. And the one to benefit was Simón, the younger of the Bolívars, for the elder, Juan Vicente, had his rights of primogeniture.

Other misconceptions Cruz Herrera attempts to rectify are the imputation that the child's relatives neglected his education and the idea that it was his first teacher. Simón Rodríguez-also known as Simon Robinson and Simón Carreño-who forged Bolívar's personality. In support of his thesis, he cites a letter Bolívar himself wrote to Santander refuting the published sneer of one Monsieur Mollien: "It is not true that my education was very much neglected, for my mother and my tutors did as much as possible to make me learn: they sought for me first-class masters in my country. Robinson, whom you know, gave me my primary training and taught me grammar: our famous Bello [was my teacher] of literature and geography; an academy of mathematics was started for me alone. . . . Later they sent me to Europe to continue my mathematical studies at the San Fernando Academy: and I learned foreign languages with select masters in Madrid. . . . When I was still very small. perhaps incapable of learning. I was given lessons in fencing, dancing, and riding. True. I never learned either Aristotelian philosophy or the codes of crime and error; but it may be that Monsieur Mollien has not devoted as much study as I have to Locke. Condillac. Buffon. Dalam-



Bust of Simón Bolivar in Hall of Heroes, Pan American Union

bert, Helvetius, Montesquieu, Mably, Filangieri, Lalande, Rousseau, Voltaire, Rollin, Berthot, and all the classics of antiquity, whether philosophers, historians, orators, or poets; and all the modern classics of Spain, France, and Italy, and many of the English. . . . Although, on the other hand, I know nothing, this does not mean that I was not educated as well as a child of distinction could be in America under the Spanish power."

Cruz Herrera's interpretations and deductions are prudent and logical. But it is to be regretted—particularly since so many writers of note have tried to interpret Bolívar's complex personality and above all the meaning of his actions and intentions—that he has not indicated his own focus by including a bibliography. Though some of his assertions are backed up by quotations in footnotes, in general we have to accept his opinions and his amendments to history solely on the basis of the weight given them by his knowledge of colonial and independence-period history. However, the author does address an acknowledgment to Dr. Vicente Lecuna, and this connection with the well-known Bolívar scholar and honorary president of the Bolivarian Society of Venezuela invests the volume with authority.—Adolfo Solórzano Díaz

Don Simón de Bolívar o La Formación de un Libertador, by José de la Cruz Herrera. Buenos Aires, Editorial Atlántida, S.A. 471 p. Illus.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked Americas to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

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Valencia, Spain

E M B A S S Y R O W



Dr. Manuel Tello, Mexican Ambassador to the United States, and Mrs. Tello pose before the handsome Puebla tile fountain on the embassy terrace. A recent Secretary of Foreign Affairs, the Ambassador entered the consular service in 1924 and was stationed in Brussels and in Hamburg. Later he received diplomatic assignments to Japan and China. In 1934, the year of his marriage, he was made a delegate to the League of Nations in Geneva, a post he held until he returned home in 1940 to head the diplomatic service. A writer on international law, he has been in Washington a year.



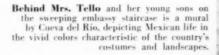
Marilupe, a third-year student at the Sacred Heart Academy, plans to specialize in languages. Meantime, for practice, she is helping her brother Alejandro to perfect his English.



While Carlos (left) wants to become an actor, Manuel is studying at the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service in preparation for a career like his father's. Both boys are fond of sports, especially skiing (which they learned in Switzerland), soccer, swimming, and tennis.



The Tellos and their five children. Left to right: Manuel, nineteen; Enrique, eleven; Carlos, sixteen; the Ambassador; Marilupe, seventeen; Mrs. Tello; and nine-year-old Alejandro. The three eldest were born in Geneva.





THE WHITMAN MYTH

(Continued from page 11)

never ceased helping out his family financially and. among other obligations, shared in the responsibility of keeping his brother Eddie, an idiot from birth, and his brother Jess, who died in an insane asylum. Today, thanks to research like that of Katharine Molinoff (Some Notes on Whitman's Family, 1941), we know that the Whitman family whirled in a black vortex of misery, degeneracy, and hard luck. Besides Eddie and Jess. Whitman had another brother, Andrew-a hopeless alcoholic married to a woman of ill repute who, after her husband died of tuberculosis of the throat, led a loose life, abandoning her children to beg in the street. Hanna, the poet's sister, fared no better; her husband, what with starving and beating her, ended by driving her mad. The lyrical glorifiers of Whitman, those who explain his genius as a miracle of the gods and delight in presenting his family as a model of patriarchal and biblical nobility, close their eyes to the sordid drama that was actually the poet's lot. To a man of Whitman's sensitivity and tenderness, his family misfortunes must have assumed pathetic proportions, and if he did not succumb to them it was because his combative spirit and his faith in his own artistic genius never deserted him. This is the Whitman who ought to wring enthusiasm from the biographers-this unhappy man, misunderstood, attacked, ill, creating despite the burden of family ties that ultimately must have become terrible, the poet who managed to transform all the filth and decay of his surroundings into a sublime epic of health and joy. This is the man of flesh and blood. In the biographical part of his book José Gabriel has tried to maintain a discreet moderation and present his hero to us on a constant level of humanity, without exaggerating his virtues, but also without belittling his genuinely heroic stature as a person. This is the greatest merit of his book.

The poet Luis L. Franco, for his part, has written an idealization of Whitman for which there is hardly a parallel in any other literature. His Walt Whitman (1945) is serious, inspired, devoted, and solidly documented. But it is pure evangelism. Franco believes in Whitman, believes in his words as in his miracles. While he does not claim that the poet revived the dead, he does say that he cured the sick by means of his spiritual power and cites several examples of people born or reborn to a higher, more complete life as a result of their contact with him. As an example of the unquestionable lyric beauty of most of this work, here is a passage in which Franco describes Whitman's physical appearance in his youth:

Walt is now twenty-two years old. His personal presence is a magnificent spectacle. A perfect giant in stature, in the breadth of his shoulders, in the coordinated play of his firm and flexible muscles, in the span of his perfectly modeled hands, and in his strength, easily "that of two ordinary men." His walk has the easy roll of sailors on land, or of the elephant in the forest paths where he is sacred majesty. Under his black hair "like pine resin" his face is the color of bronze rich in copper. His gray eyes express goodness—all goodnesss, perhaps—through



At seventy-two—a year before his death—Whitman was photographed by Thomas Eakins, who also painted his portrait

a calm as imperturbable as it is mysterious. The whole presence of the man is a palpable invasion of strength and serenity, and the aura of his health is enveloping and contagious.

By a glance at the portrait of Whitman in his twenties that appears in the Henry Seidel Canby biography, the curious reader may see for himself how far the Argentine poet's imagination has transformed the author of Leaves of Grass with health and strength, for actually the picture reveals a certain anemia and the typical romantic sentimentality of the age.

The more recent Latin American biographies show a marked tendency to avoid impressionistic speculation and penetrate the psychological mystery of Whitman on the basis of concrete information. The younger writers analyze Whitman's merits from a more objective point of view and seem to sense that behind the myth is hidden a man whose life, commonplace in its details, may very well shed an entirely unexpected light on his poetry. North American Whitmanists like Canby and Gay W. Allen are taking the place of Bazalgette and bringing to Latin America a stream of information unknown up to now. Using this documentation and a perceptive and intelligent reading of Leaves of Grass as his point of departure, the famous Brazilian sociologist Gilberto Freyre has written an essay on Whitman that in my opinion superbly represents this new realistic attitude in the Hispanic Whitman movement. The most notable thing about Freyre's essay (O Camarada Whitman, 1948) is its frank and direct discussion of the sexual problem in Whitman's life and work, a theme that generally scandalizes the critics. Freyre, a man of science, does not allow himself to be deceived by the brilliance of Whitman's metaphors, and his opinion on Whitman's sexual complex is as precise and clear as a clinical document. It is enough here to cite his principal conclusion: that the feeling of cameraderie in Whitman (what has been called virile love, set forth principally in "Calamus") is an extension of the feeling of friendship-being a friend to some. Freyre says, Whitman was a comrade to many -and on the political plane it is an idea of democratic brotherhood that offers the solution to man's social problem. In other words, what could have been, and unquestionably was, a sexual complex was sublimated poetically and socially to the point where it was converted, through an elaborate process, into a personalistic and fraternalistic doctrine of life. In this concept lies the deepest meaning of Whitman's bisexualism, the quintes-

sence of his profound sensuality.

In Freyre's essay, as in the others I have mentioned, there is, over and above the immediate significance, a value difficult to explain. What happens to the figure of the "good gray poet" when it is brought to life in sonorous Iberian adjectives? The ghost of Whitman seems finally to have found the written word needed to effect the longed-for union between his person and his poem. Whitman was never more bohemian than when he is bohemian in Spanish—not long ago a young Puerto Rican poet said: "The stench of the passersby is so intense that I run to the tavern and get drunk with Walt Whitman, the blue captain of the New York crowd"and never more prophetic than when he juggles centuries and sidereal spheres in the modernist language of Dario. Who can make Whitman more apocalyptic than Dario? And how can Whitman sound more civic and proletarian than when Pablo Neruda revives him to evoke "the old woodcutter"? Every detail, every episode, however trivial it may have been in his lifetime, however hackneyed in the treatment or mistreatment his disciples accorded it, acquires new life in Marti's lyricism, in the metaphors of Armando Vasseur, Donoso, and Torres-Ríoseco, in the vanguard adjectives of Franco or in the conscientious idealization of Gabriel. Working on the basis of secondhand material, and especially availing themselves of an imaginative and penetrating reading of Whitman's work, these writers have explained the poet's personality from highly original angles, making deductions or finding relationships North American and European critics had

The reader cannot help being surprised at the profundity and breadth the Whitman movement has achieved in Latin America. Above all this wealth of interpretation one fact stands out: that Whitman has left a permanent impact on Hispanic literature and that his influencepresent through modernism, post-modernism, and vanguardism-tends to increase rather than diminish. For Latin Americans today, as for Marti, Whitman is an emblem of intellectual freedom, a genuine singer of the workers and protector of the persecuted, a poet who discovered the imponderable treasures of the American earth and who, beyond all this, knew how to give his work mystic significance through the purest and most authentic lyricism. * *

THE HOUSE OF THE MELANCHOLY ANGEL

(Continued from page 27)

scrapers which flanked the garden at the house of the angel, I slowed my pace. The street was deserted, the street lamps not yet lighted. A golden haze filled the air, muffling all sounds, as if it were cotton. I opened the old gate, entered, crossed the garden, smiled at the angel and knocked at the door. Adriana was awaiting me, standing beside the piano. I saw that her eyes were bright with tears.

"Have you been crying?"

She bowed her head affirmatively, and, seating herself at the piano and tapping absently on one key and then another, she stammered:

"I have been reading the story of the shipwreck."

"What shipwreck?"

She fixed surprised eyes on me.

"Then you don't know? You haven't read? The wreck of the Titanic-

"Ah!"

The Titanic disaster, which had taken place the year I was born, was to leave me profoundly moved when, ten years later, I saw it described in an illustrated magazine in all its dramatic details.

"Well-," I murmured. "Now play something, so that I can see how well you do."

Adriana began to play a Scarlatti sonatina with occasional hesitations but with much feeling. While she played, I could observe her features better. I do not think it possible to portray in words a woman's face. What matters is not its configuration, the color of the eyes, the shape of the mouth and nose, or the complexion of the skin. It is, rather, a certain inner quality that illumines the face, animating it and setting it apart from all others, and that quality rarely. if ever, allows itself to be caught even by the camera. There are skillful artists, or perhaps merely lucky ones, who, as they paint a woman's face, now and then succeed in fixing on canvas that radiance, impossible to localize, which at first glance seems to come from the eyes, but which nevertheless continues to impart luster to the face even if the eves are covered. It was just such a splendor which enveloped Adriana's whole person. Her presence was warm. simple, friendly.

"Very good," I said when she finished playing the sonatina. "I can see that you love music. You play with your

soul."

"Do you really think so? How wonderful! I adore music. Mamma has even promised to buy me one of those phonographs that play disks-you know-not cylinders."

I told her I was a composer and was writing a sonata.

"Ah! Play it for me!"

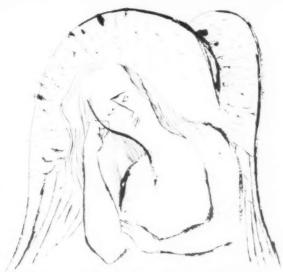
"It is not ready yet. Only the first movement."

At that moment Adriana's mother appeared in the doorway. I assumed a grave, professorial air and said:

"Well. Let us hear some scales now."

My life underwent a complete change. I spent the hours waiting anxiously, eager for the time when I would be with Adriana in that twilit drawing room. Never did I breathe a word of my secret to anyone. The oyster was drawing still further into his shell, jealous of his pearl.

There were, however, moments in which I feared, not the world, but the sense of logic which dwells within each of us and which at any minute might ask explanations about what was happening to me. And every time it threatened to raise the dreaded question. I put it off by saying, "I need to believe it; otherwise I shall be lost forever."



There were early morning hours when I walked the streets aimlessly and with an almost unbearable desire to go look at the house of the melancholy angel. A secret voice, however, advised: "Don't. If you go, you may discover that it is all an illusion." And I did not go.

But on lesson days, there I was, crossing the ancient garden rejoicing, patting the angel's head, knocking on the door, and entering Adriana's room, world, and time.

A sweet intimacy gradually arose between us, an understanding that did not depend on words or on points of reference in time or space.

When her mother was not in the room, Adriana would describe to me scenes and impressions of her childhood spent in that house. She told me about the night the new century had come in and she had gone, holding to her father's hand, to see the Great Exposition. Ah! Never had she forgotten the merry-go-round, the clowns, the games, the hall of mirrors, and above all the fireworks, which had burst precisely on the twelfth stroke of midnight, to the clangor of the bells of all the churches in the city!

Adriana wanted to know where I had been on that great night.

"On the sea." I responded without thinking. And she smiled, apparently satisfied with my answer.

At times it was I who talked most, surprised and charmed as I was to find someone interested in my person and my life. Thus I emptied my heart of many cares and secrets. Things that I carried locked tight in the recesses of my being came to the surface and were transformed into words.

As our conversations lengthened into suspicious murmurs, more than once Adriana's mother came to the door to ask why the teacher had interrupted the lesson. We then had to invent a stratagem which gave us much amusement: Adriana would play her exercises and we would talk through the curtain of music.

But how empty and sad were the hours I spent away from her! The only thing that could restore, almost literally, the presence of Adriana was the sonata, to the development of which I devoted myself passionately through all that month of May—during which I lost my pupils one by one, as a result of my unpunctuality and absent-mindedness.

The second movement, a scherzo, came easily to my imagination, and with the same spontaneity I set it down on paper. Then I plunged into the third, a molto agitato, which I composed on a day at the close of May when winter sent its first message on the wind. I feared the coming of the cold, for a mysterious premonition warned me that the July

winds might impel my boat out of the backwater, restoring it to the main current of Time and tearing me forever from the creature I loved.

One afternoon, I had hardly entered the house of the angel when Adriana came to meet me smiling, with the day's paper in her hands.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Yesterday a baby with your name was born."

She showed me the social column, and I felt a chill on reading there the news of my own birth.

"I wonder what that baby's destiny will be," I said.

"He may become President of the Republic."

"Or nothing more than a mere piano teacher."

Adriana gazed at me with so profound an expression of tenderness that I was disturbed, and to hide my embarrass-

ment I babbled:
"Let us play that Bach saraband."

It was on the last day of May that I took the completed sonata to the house of the angel. I played it for Adriana. The first movement translated my surprise and joy at finding her. However, it was an allegro ma non troppo, for in the background of that happiness could be glimpsed the fear I had of some day losing her. The scherzo painted in vivid colors not only the happy moments we had spent together in the drawing room but also scenes of Adriana's childhood. There was the little girl with long braids, now playing in her room with dolls, now running in the garden rolling a tricolored hoop. Next came Adriana laughing, startled, before those seven other Adrianas deformed in her eyes by the concave and convex mirrors in the hall of magic of the Great Exposition. This was followed by the molto agitato of short duration, describing the despair of a man wandering aimlessly through empty streets, seeking an impossible love, lost in Time. And the sonata ended with a prolonged adagio, steeped in the resigned misery of one who yields to the irremediable, without rancor toward life or toward other beings. It was a slow, nostalgic movement, suggestive of a river flowing to the sea, carrying with it a longing for things seen on its banks and the certainty that its waters will never again reflect those loved images.

When it came to an end, Adriana murmured:

"Beautiful, very beautiful!"

"It is yours."

I took out my fountain pen and, beneath the title, "Sonata in D Minor," wrote: For Adriana. May, 1912.

She looked at me sadly, her eyes filling with tears. I wanted then a confirmation that she loved me; I wanted her to put it into words. Perhaps I was not worthy of the miracle that had happened to me, for I longed to touch Adriana, to have her for myself, to take her into my world, my time. And if in my desire there was so troubled an urgency, it was because I had noticed signs of winter in the air outside: the angel's head was chill to my touch that afternoon when I came.

The knowledge that I did not belong to that place and hour—for I was not more than a phantom of the future—gave me a boldness of which I had never before been capable. I took Adriana's hand and exclaimed, "I love you. I love you!" She jumped up, snatched her hand away, and turned her face aside, whispering, "But it is impossible!" And with tremulous voice she informed me that she was engaged and would be married in July. She did not love her fiancé, no! But her mother was insisting on the marriage and she had no alternative but to obey.

I did something senseless then, for I should have known

that no gesture, no word, no desire of mine could alter what had happened.

"But no woman can be forced to marry a man she does not love!" I cried.

At that instant Adriana's mother entered the room, and in a freezing tone said:

"Your behavior is disgraceful. You have betrayed my trust and have abused my daughter. Leave this house at once!"

Outside I found the first breath of winter and a leaden sky. The hours that followed were hours of despair. I retired to my room, but I found no consolation in either music or books. I sought, but in vain, to find palpable evidence that everything had been only an hallucination or a prolonged dream; I found nothing beyond my memories. I threw myself on the bed and wept as I had not for a long time.

The next day, when I went out to wander again through the streets, it was with the sensation of being lost in a strange and hostile city. My steps eventually took me to Willow Street, and I carried in my heart a cruel presentiment that I was not long in seeing confirmed. Square on the site where the house of the melancholy angel used to be, a twenty-story apartment building had now been erected. I crossed the street and entered a café. With an air of indifference I questioned the waiter who served me. Did he remember the old houses in that street?

"No, sir," he answered. "I'm new here. Ask the owner, he's one of the oldest residents in this district. Boss, this young man wants to ask you something—"

The café proprietor, a gray-haired man with an air of weary or disillusioned kindness, came over. I waved toward the street.

"What became of the white colonial house that used to be over there, with a bronze angel in the garden?"

The man gave me a curious glance.

"How old are you, sir?"

I told him my age, and he inquired:

"How can you remember that house if it was torn down more than twenty-five years ago?"

I shrugged. A strange calm was now dulling my spirit. All had ended as was to be expected. My boat was letting itself be swept along once more by the main current of the river, and I neither knew nor wanted to know what awaited me in the Great Ocean. Nothing mattered any more. I was

now living out the adagio of the sonata.

The proprietor of the café, meanwhile, was still waiting for my reply.

"Do you believe in miracles?" I asked.

He shook his head:

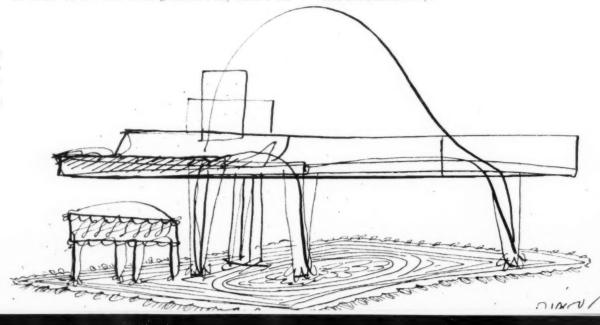
"I don't. Do you?"

My life again became what it had been before. The winter was long and gloomy. The memory of Adriana was my constant companion and it was with her in mind that I composed my pieces. I still refused to examine that singular episode of my life in the light of reason. As a child I had read in an anthology a poem about a Hindu, who dissected a dragonfly for analysis, with the result that he destroyed all its beauty. I had learned that lesson.

Nevertheless, it did not prevent my returning to the Public Library one September day to ask Confucius for some old newspapers of 1912 to 1920, and setting myself to leaf through them with a restless hope.

In the July 1912 file I found the news of Adriana's marriage. I glanced over several volumes, covering five years, without coming across the slightest reference to her or to her husband, whom the society editor had called "a pillar of society." But in a May 1917 issue I found the report of the birth of their daughter, who had been given her mother's name in baptism. And, on opening the 1919 volume, on the first page of the first issue for January, I saw an announcement of a funeral. There, between two black borders, under a cross, was the name of "my" Adriana. I read the address of the funeral home, which meant nothing to me now that She was no longer there, closed the volume amid confused feelings, waved a friendly hand at Confucius, went out of the library and got into a taxi. "To the cemetery." I ordered.

I pictured a simple grave for Adriana: a plain slab surrounded by grass, and on the slab, seated on a stone, the melancholy angel. On the contrary: from her husband's middle-class imagination had sprung a pretentious mausoleum of greenish marble, with a Greek portico and a Latin inscription on the base of the entrance. I rested my face on the glass of the door to the tomb and, after my eyes had adjusted themselves to the gloom inside, was able to make out, on top of a marble stand, a large portrait of Adriana. I shivered. While I was walking the streets on that unforgettable April afternoon. I reflected, Adriana was already dead and buried. And yet—



No. Best treasure those beloved memories and not try to learn the reason for anything.

I heard a voice.

"An acquaintance of yours?"

I turned and found myself face to face with a very young woman who was watching me curiously. She was dressed in green, her arms were full of jonquils and the wind was blowing her bronze hair.

"Someone I met a long time ago." I explained.

There was a brief silence during which I stood with downcast eyes staring at the stranger's shadow on the mosaic pavement.

"I ask," she went on, "because that is the tomb of my mother."

I felt not the slightest surprise. Before she spoke the words I had already anticipated them. I raised my eyes. The girl did resemble her mother. It was not the resemblance of a twin sister, a likeness of feature, but rather an identity of atmosphere, or aura, of—I do not know why I am always trying to define the indefinable. Of one thing, at any rate, I am certain: the eyes were the same in shape and color. They differed only in expression. In those of the dead Adriana there was peace; in those of the living Adriana, something that disturbed me.

"But how can you have known my mother? She died nearly twenty-two years ago. At that time you must have been a baby."

Once more I stared down at the shadow.

"I confess I lied when I said she was an old acquaintance of mine. What really happened was that I was passing and looked inside the tomb and—"

"That's all right. You don't have to explain. There's no harm in looking."

She opened the mausoleum door, then turned to me and asked whether I would like to come in. I said no. She entered, laid the flowers beneath the portrait, knelt at the foot of the altar and remained there in prayer. A voice whispered to me: "Fly, fly while there is time." And yet I staved where I was, as if under a spell.

Adriana rose, came out of the vault, closed the door and, turning, said:

"You still there? I can take you downtown in my car. Come on!"

She spoke that "Come on!" with an authority that admitted no refusal. Side by side we walked through the cypress grove, and I watched our shadows on the mosaic sidewalks, bemused, uncertain what to think of it all.

The automobile was a beige convertible, shining with chromium. I got in, sat down beside Adriana, and, after the car started off, covertly examined my unexpected companion's profile.

I felt embarrassed, not knowing what to say. It was not, however, necessary for me to invent a topic, for Adriana never stopped talking, casting occasional quick, penetrating glances at me. What was my name? Where did I live? What did I do? Musician, eh? Interesting.

She told me she loved music, played the piano a little, and had a fabulous collection of records. She asked what I thought of Stravinsky and Béla Bartók. I replied that I preferred the early Italians. Ah! But don't you think the classics can no longer satisfy our overexcited sensibilities, living in chaos as we do?

"I am a little conservative-"

"That's plain, from your clothes," retorted Adriana with a laugh that increased my embarrassment and my sense of solitude. Nevertheless, I confess I did not want to be rid of the girl. Whatever else, she was a prolongation of the Other.

"Where do you want to get out?" she asked, as we approached the center of the city. "Ah! I know. You're going to my house. We'll have a drink and I'll introduce you to my father, who's an old darling. I want you to play one of your compositions for me. My friends will be green with envy if I discover a new musical genius—"

"Have no illusions. I'm only a piano teacher."

"I'll be the one to decide that!"

We got out in front of one of those modern houses which seem like white, cubical, smooth, cold sepulchers. We crossed a garden bristling with cactus, in the middle of which I caught sight of an old acquaintance: the melancholy angel.

"Looking at that old thing?" asked Adriana with a gesture toward the angel. "It has no connection with this functional residence. It was in the garden of the house where Papa courted Mamma. The old man, who's a great sentimentalist, had the monstrosity brought here."

The interior of the house was bright, airy, colorful, shiningly clean and utterly impersonal, betraying no signs of human habitation. In a corner of the vast living room stood a grand piano.

"Too bad the old man hasn't come in yet!" mourned Adriana. "But he won't be long."

She nodded toward the piano and said:

"Sit down and play something of your own."

I obeyed, and began playing the sonata I had composed for the other Adriana.

"Stop!" cried the daughter, "I know that piece. Wait a minute--"

She ran out of the room and returned shortly with a yellowed sheet of music which I recognized, deeply moved, as the "Sonata in D Minor." There was the dedication and the date in my own handwriting.

"This music was written in 1912 by an admirer of my mother's. How do you explain that, Mr. 'Composer'?"

I shrugged.

"Forgive me. I must have heard that melody a long time ago and forgotten it. Then it came back to my memory and I thought— Well, those things happen—"

"Of course they do."

She gave me a soothing pat on the shoulder and then offered me a cigarette. I told her I didn't smoke. She lit her own, blew out a puff of smoke, looked me in the eye, and said softly:

"Funny, when I saw you in the cemetery I had the feeling I already knew you. Only, I can't remember where it was—"

Adriana was tapping on a key in a way painfully reminiscent of the Other. Her voice lost its aggressiveness and became sweet and friendly as she asked:

"Do you believe in premonitions?"

"Certainly."

She gazed at me enigmatically, and then, resting a hand lightly on my arm as if she were an old friend, said:

"Go on playing that sonata while I find something for us to drink."

I began to play. I hoped the first phrase of the sonata might have the power to conjure up the presence of "my" Adriana. But what it brought to mind was the image of a woman in green with an armful of jonquils, the spring wind tossing her hair.

Then I sensed that I was in danger of losing my dream forever, and an all but blind terror of the future swept

I rose, picked up my hat and tiptoed out of the house.

a word

with

Gabriel Betancur-Mejía

SOMETHING IS GOING ON in Colombia that may impress those skeptics who regard technical assistance as an unnecessary charity. "Perhaps the best thing these programs have done is to convince nations that they must spend their own money on technical advancement," says Dr. Gabriel Betancur-Mejía, director of the Colombian Institute for Advanced Training Abroad. "And that's just what my country is doing."

Dr. Betancur-Mejía, in the United States to work out training plans with universities and establish liaison with OAS, Point Four, and UN programs, explained the Institute's work as we chatted at the Colombian Embassy. Commonly known as ICETEX, from its Spanish initials, this autonomous official agency makes loans for study abroad to qualified citizens who could not otherwise afford it. Colombia has embarked on a broad program of industrial and agricultural development recommended by the International Bank Mission in 1950, and ICETEX aims to provide the necessary corps of skilled personnel. Courses to be taken are chosen accordingly, and are limited to those not offered within the country.

Authorized in 1950 and actually organized in October 1952, ICETEX lent funds to eighty-three students for advanced training in a dozen countries during its first year and plans to help six hundred next year as it swings into full-scale operation. The enthusiastic young director described it as a major effort envisioning the preparation of several thousand specialists within the next few years. To add to its effectiveness, ICETEX is counting on what Dr. Betancur-Mejía calls "the principle of the cultural multiplier"-a term derived from Lord Keynes' "economic multiplier." "In several fields," he explained, "training will be given not just to individuals but to groups of twenty at a time. When they return to the community, their influence will add up to more than the sum of their new knowledge. Each specialist, in introducing new techniques, can make a lot more headway against skepticism and hostility as part of a trained professional group than he could alone. And the power of the new skills will be multiplied again as the trainees teach others. To encourage this, no interest will be charged those who devote all or part of their time to teaching." (Others will begin paying 3 per cent interest on their loans after completing their studies.)

Where does the money come from? "The Colombian Government contributes a million pesos (about four hundred thousand dollars) annually, and departmental governments are creating funds to help students from their own regions. So far ICETEX has contracts with five departments involving a total of 4,600,000 pesos, and pledges are expected from others and from autonomous government agencies. Contributions from private sources will also be welcome. And, of course, as the loans are repaid, the money will be available for a new crop of students."

Before departing, all trainees must prove they have a

working knowledge of the language of the country where they will be studying. The first group project called for training twenty officials in statistics, and two of the students are already enrolled in the OAS statistical center in Santiago, Chile. Twenty government employees will go to Syracuse University next fall for work in public administration, as part of the program to put government services on a technical, professional basis.

The chancellors of Colombia's public and private universities chose the fields of specialization for an equal number of professors, and the places where they studied ran as wide a gamut as the subjects. For example, Mario Montoya Toro is studying cardiovascular surgery at the University of Paris; Roberto Jaramillo is working on cancer in New York City; Humberto Salazar is specializing in pediatrics in Montevideo; Carmen Espitia Pinilla is learning the teaching of nursing at the University of Seattle; language studies took Alberto Eraso Guerrero to Germany; and Alberto Arboleda is mastering industrial ceramics at the School of Ceramics in Rome. Still other professors are doing advanced work in chemical engineering, metallurgy, petroleum engineering and refining, and soil analysis.

To overcome the chronic shortage of skilled and semi-skilled workers, teachers for industrial schools are being trained in Peru, Spain. Puerto Rico, and the Lindsey Hopkins Vocational School in Miami. Other students are studying electric power plants at the University of Illinois, economics at the University of Michigan, social legislation at the University of Paris, neurology at the Neurological Hospital in Hamburg, Germany, museum administration at the Louvre, anthropology at the Institut de l'Homme in Paris, and aircraft maintenance at the school established in Mexico City by the UN International Civil Aviation Organization.

A more unusual project calls for giving a group of parish priests an opportunity to study social work and the organization of cooperatives. A plan is also being considered for arranging technical training for journalists. And a chance to study abroad will be offered the top-ranking student of each university every year.

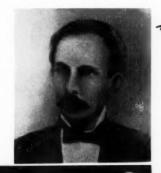
As a prize for outstanding work in their foreign studies, the obligation to repay the loans will be cancelled for the twenty trainees with the best records. ICETEX is well pleased with the academic performance of the trainees sent abroad to date. The loan system was adopted in the first place not only because it makes money available for more students than direct scholarships would, but also because it assures the most conscientious effort on the student's part, since it is really his own money he is spending. Since his study abroad increases his earning power, it is fair enough that he should repay the loan when he can afford to. Loans can cover transportation, tuition, books, and living expenses.

The ICETEX program has been hailed in all sectors of the Colombian press. Dr. Betancur-Mejía attributes its universal popularity to its independent status, its complete non-partisanship, and the high standing of the members of its Advisory Board. It is in a position to pass not only on candidates for its own loans, but on applicants for grants under other technical assistance programs, and can follow up to see that the trainees' skills are put to good use when they return. All too often, students coming home find little opportunity to use their knowledge to the best advantage because of a change of administration or policy.

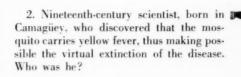
"Other countries may find much of interest in this aspect of the Institute," Dr. Betancur-Mejía concluded, "for independence and continuity are what we need most to make educational programs work."—G. C. C.

KNOW YOUR CUBAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 31



 Hero of Cuban independence, who was also an outstanding journalist, poet, artist, and statesman. Do you know his name?



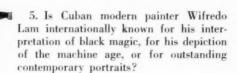


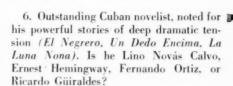


3. Gay revelers from Havana's barrios form comparsas to compete with each other on Saturday nights during Carnival time. Are they calypso singers, conga dance teams, wandering minstrels, or jaialai players?

4. Cigar maker examines his work. Is the filler cultivated in open sunlight or in shade and in what part of the country is the finest tobacco grown?



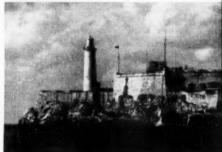








7. Workers cutting Cuba's most important crop, ————, basis of the national economy. Fill in the blank.



Havana landmark, familiar to tourists everywhere. What is it?



9. Seeds of plant newly cultivated in Cuba, which produces a fiber that may eventually replace jute for making burlap, rope, and twine. Is it tagua, hemp, or kenaf?



10. Cross section of fruit that is a leading export. Is it the mango, papaya, pineapple, or banana?

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ARCHITECTURAL DEFINITIONS

Dear Sirs:

It was with pleasure that I read Luis Vera's article on Latin American architecture in the September 1953 (Spanish) issue of AMERICAS, Mr. Vera and I share a great enthusiasm for the notable achievements in every period of the history of the Americas, particularly in the pre-Columbian and modern periods. However, Mr. Vera repeats certain outmoded and erroneous ideas about the colonial period in Latin America and contemporary movements in Spain. This is particularly unfortunate in that AMERICAS reaches a wide public, which is being further confirmed in certain false interpretations of colonial architectural history, initiated one or two generations ago.

I especially refer to that picturesque but misleading phrase "Churrigueresque" and the identification of the Churriguera of Spain with everything of the eighteenth century in the New World. Recent research by scholars has emphasized the important role of the Churriguera family in late-seventeenth-century developments in eastern, central, and western Spain; but in most instances that series of developments is distinctly late baroque, and indeed closer to the classicistic trend of the baroque period. What is now called "Churrigueresque" in Mexico and South America is an entirely different thing, the product of quite different stylistic ideas. As would be expected, Latin American late colonial architecture is more closely connected with Andalusia than with the north central and west of Spain. And it is from men like Francisco Hurtado and Gerónimo Balbas, not the Churriguera family, that most of the significant trends in eighteenth-century colonial architecture are to be traced. What is lumped together in popular criticism as "Churrigueresque" is rather more mannerist than baroque, though it partakes of the rich variety of styles present in Europe in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Vera is at least a century off when he refers to the "Churrigueresque" influence at the end of the eighteenth century; and his comments about the Cartuja in Granada showing American influence (an interpretation repeated all too often by Hispanic scholars who are insufficiently traveled) are quite false. The Sagrario of the Cartuja is late baroque and mannerist; the fabulous Sacristy, mannerist and neo-classic. I refer Mr. Vera particularly to R. C. Taylor's excellent article on Francisco Hurtado and the Cartuja in the Art Bulletin, March 1950, and my article on eighteenth-century Mexican retables from the same publication.

> Joseph Baird Department of Philosophy and Fine Arts University of California Davis, California

Mr. Vera replies:

I am flattered by Professor Baird's interest in my article. I respect, although I do not share, his point of view on the Carthusian monastery, which is the same as Taylor's. My statement on it is not the gratuitous interpretation of untraveled "Hispanic scholars," but represents the opinion of eminent European and Latin American investigators.

It is true that José de Churriguera did not directly influence the late American baroque, which reached its zenith at the end of the eighteenth century, some fifty years after his death. While it is not strictly accurate, any manifestation of exuberant baroque in Spain or America—chiefly the tendency to hide structural form with decoration—is termed "Churrigueresque." Also, to a certain extent, "mannerist."

The term "mannerist" itself shows how we go to extremes in our attempt to catalogue everything. How, we insist, can we classify this tendency, this picture, this sculptor, this school of painting? Taylor, for example, notes the following as "mannerist" characteristics: "self-consciousness, contradiction, hesitancy, unbalance, self-assertiveness, and capricious individuality." How many artists and works of art of all ages we could assign to this category! Are not Leonardo and Picasso, then, both "mannerists"?
... But fundamentally, Professor Baird and I are in agreement.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Dear Sirs:

I have founded an International Correspondence Club, which offers gratis the opportunity to:

1. Know the characteristics and customs of other countries.

2. Practice a foreign language.

3. Exchange stamps, postcards, magazines, regional souvenirs.

Gain new friends at home and abroad who have something in common with you.

So far, we have inaugurated correspondence with people in the following countries: Brazil, Chile, Ecuador, Colombia, Cuba, Canada, Portugual, Switzerland, France, Peru, Mexico, and the United States. Won't you publish this letter so that those interested can join our club? They should send the following personal data: age, marital status, profession, tastes.

María Elena Garet Casilla de Correo 1329 Montevideo, Uruguay

HOW GOES THE MAIL BAG?

Dear Sirs:

I have been disappointed more often than not when I have written to those who have had their names listed in the Mail Bag. I have received very few answers, but have made three or foar real good friends from those who have answered.

I can read Spanish, but write only in English. I promise that all who write to me will receive an answer.

William A. Bunker 424 N. Hayford Avenue Lansing 12, Michigan

Dear Sirs:

I am a subscriber to Americas in Spanish, and every month I look over the list of young people who desire correspondence. I have written to many of them, and most of them have answered. However, I have never seen the name of anyone from the Dominican Republic. I am eighteen and a sophomore in the School of Inter-American Affairs at the University of New Mexico, so I am, therefore, interested in writing to young people of the Latin American countries. I would appreciate it very much if you could help me get in touch with a young person of about eighteen in the Dominican Republic.

Jack K. Adams Route No. 1 Iberia, Missouri

Dear Sirs:

Earlier this year, I forwarded to AMERICAS my name and address as . . . a person who would like to exchange ideas and better relationships through letters. One motive was to improve language knowledge I began to receive the expected letters, but, unfortunately, in a flood that prohibited full responses. From Argentina alone, there were more than one person could possibly answer satisfactorily. Though each received a reply, they deserved more. Most are being retained as solid friends, but it appears that one must have help. This can be supplied by more persons allowing their names to be published, for the few that have volunteered must be overtaxed just as I have been.

The world is hungry for friends, news, truths, trust, education, fellowship, and knowledge. These become "living" when personally and simply told. A new insight into the other person's country is truly gained when it is sincerely stated between newly discovered friends to whom distortion serves no purpose.

Donald Peterson 11-13 South First Street Fulton, New York

Just as these letters imply, the number of people seeking pen pals has grown to such proportions that Americas can no longer publish all the requests received in this office. To encourage international correspondence, we will in the future publish only the names and addresses of those who indicate a willingness to correspond in at least one other language besides their own. And they must specify the languages. (See "Mail Bag" on page 39.)

CONTRIBUTORS



After a long absence from our pages, during which he added three books to his already lengthy list of novels and essays, the distinguished Venezuelan author Arturo Uslar-Pietri returns to offer us the "Key to Caracas," a profile of his home town. Born in 1906, Dr. Uslar-Pietri has filled some of his country's most important posts. Between 1939 and 1945 he was successively Minister of Education. Finance, and Interior. Married, and the father of two children, he has taught political economy

at the Central University of Venezuela and Spanish American literature at Columbia University, New York.



Fernando Alegría is a Chilean who has surrendered to the beauties of California, where he has lived ever since 1941, arriving there via Ohio. A professor of Spanish American literature, he has never abandoned writing, which won him the Farrar and Rinehart award for his book Lautaro even before he took up teaching. His Camaleon was published a few years ago, and Walt Whitman en Hispano América is now on the Mexican presses. In "The Whitman Myth," adapted from a chapter of the

book, Dr. Alegria analyzes the opinions of various Latin American writers on this outstanding U. S. poet.



The anxiety of artists to restore the esthetic traditions of their various countries is manifested in Nicaragua by a vigorous pictorial movement, explained by Pablo Antonio Cuadra in "Nicaragua's New Artists." A noted poet, whose works have been published in Mexico and Spain as well as in his own country, he is a member of the Nicaraguan Academy of Languages and a lawyer. Educated at Oriente University in Granada, Nicaragua, he visited France, Italy, and Spain during a sojourn in

Europe, then North Africa, and later South America. Today Dr. Cuadra directs a literary publication. Cuadernos del Taller San Lucas.

With "The House of the Melancholy Angel," ÉRICO VERÍSSIMO, Director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs and a writer of worldwide fame, gives a masterly demonstration of the entertainment value of a short story. In this delicate fantasy the author of Clarissa, Saga, The Rest Is Silence, and many other works relates an adventure of a man who does not revere his epoch. L. L. Barbett, who translated Brazilian novelist Verissimo's hitherto unpublished story into English from the Portuguese original, teaches Spanish at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. Formerly attached to the U. S. Embassy in Quito, Ecuador, he also translated Dr. Verissimo's novel Time and the Wind, published by Macmillan in 1951. Cuban artist Roberto Diago supplied the delightful illustrations.



Associate Editor George C. Compton, who gives us a preview of the big gathering in Caracas next March in "Prologue to the Tenth Conference," was a ringside witness to the Ninth, where many of the discussions that will take place this time had their origin. He recalls that he translated a draft resolution on Colonies and Occupied Territories in America on the third floor of the Capitolio while an angry mob devastated the first two floors shortly after the events of April 9, 1948, began. With him

among the distinguished group that spent that fateful night in the headquarters of the Presidential Guard, incidentally, were several others who have since contributed to Americas.



How Philadelphians are "Learning for the Fun of It" is described by a native, Americas assistant editor Betty Wilson, who selected the Junto school as a good example of adult education in the United States. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, Miss Wilson also studied Spanish literature at the National University of Mexico, which led quite logically to her current duties as editor in charge of the Americas book section. In her spare time she designs fashions, collects the work

of modern artists, and studies Portuguese in the hope of making the most of one of her ambitions: a visit to Brazil.

Chilean poetess Gabriela Mistral, winner of the Nobel Prize for literature, calls our attention to the moving stanzas of the poem Requiem, by her fellow countryman Humberto Díaz Casanueva. Ever since this poem was published some years ago, when it made a deep impression on her, she has felt that it deserves wider recognition, particularly in the Spanish-speaking world. Adolfo Solokzano Díaz, who heads the Spanish edition of Americas, discusses Formación del Libertador by José de la Cruz Herrera, distinctive for its deep penetration into a little-known part of Bolívar's life.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides American, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the Annals of the Organization of American States, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization: and the quarterly Panorama, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.

